

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1906.

Price, Five Cents.

The Mirror



February

Bernice Anthracite Coal

The test of years has
proved it

SUPERIOR

to Pennsylvania Anthracite
for use in this climate.

Price

\$1.00 Per Ton Less

than Pennsylvania Anthracite.

Sold Only By

Union Fuel Co.,

DOLPH BUILDING,

7th and Locust Sts.

Kinloch, C-357.

— PHONES —

Bell, Main 3695

Staunton Coal

If you are a wagon-lot consumer, ask your dealer
for Staunton Coal *mined by us*. If you are a car-
lot consumer, ask us for it.

MT. OLIVE & STAUNTON COAL CO.

"THE STAUNTON COAL MINING COMPANY"

OLD AND ESTABLISHED.

302 HOUSER BUILDING.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

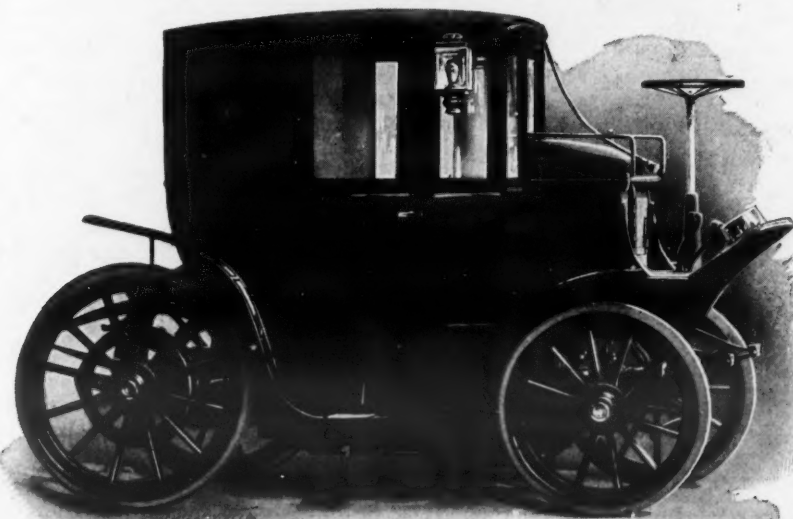
Proprietors—Mines 1 and 2, Staunton, Ill.
Capacity 3,000 tons a day.

Largest producers of Staunton Coal, and producing
the Best Staunton. Railroad facilities unsurpassed,
assuring prompt and regular deliveries.

BARGAIN

\$2,800

LIST \$3,570



\$2,800

LIST \$3,570

THIS BROUGHAM IS NEW ■ ■ ■ BATTERIES TO BE
SHIPPED FROM FACTORY WHEN BROUGHAM IS SOLD

WESTERN AUTOMOBILE CO.

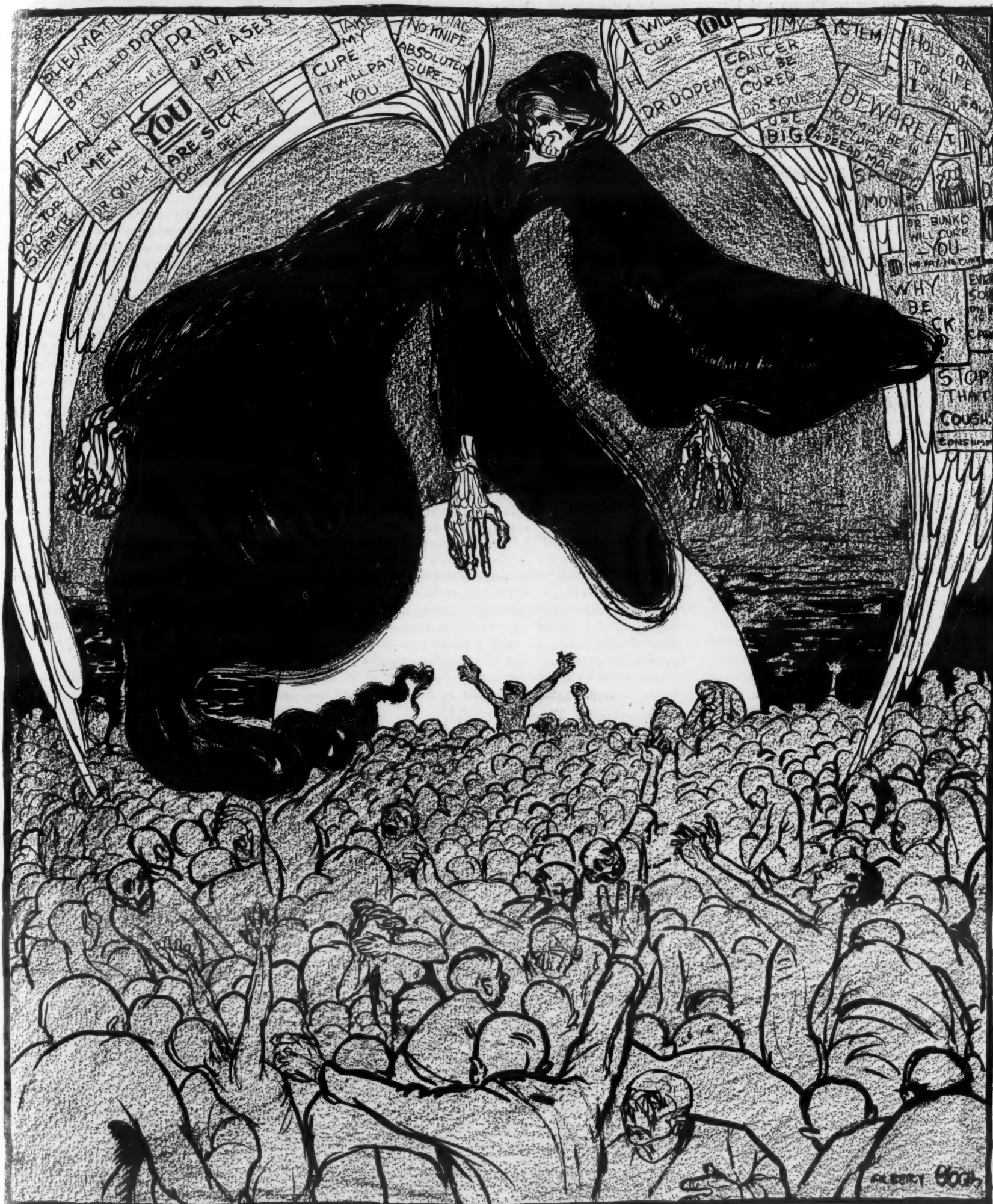
4701 Washington Avenue.

The Mirror

VOL. XV.—No. 50

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1906.

PRICE. FIVE CENTS.



DEATH AND THE PRESS

THE MIRROR

Published every Thursday at

N. W. COR. 10th AND PINE STS.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, A. 24.

Terms of subscription to The Mirror, including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$3.50 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, payable to The Mirror, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," The Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

FOR SALE IN EUROPE AT

London.....	Anglo-American Exchange	3 Northumberland Ave.
Munich.....	Zeitungs-Pavillon am Karlplatz	
Florence.....	B. Seiber, 20 via Thornabuoni	
Venice.....	Zanco, Ascensione	
Monte Carlo.....	Veuve Sinet Klosque	
Paris.....	Brentano's, 37 Ave. de l'Opera	
	Donald Downie, 1 Rue Scribe	
Rome.....	L. Palle, 1 Piazza di Spagna	
Naples.....	E. Prass, 50 Piazza dei Martiri	
	Valetti Giuseppe, R. R. Station	
Genoa.....	Libreria Riunite	
Bologna.....	Mallucchio Alberto, R. R. Station	
The following European hotels keep a complete file of The Mirror in their reading rooms:		
London.....	Cecil	Genoa..... De La Ville
Paris.....	Grand	Naples..... Grand
Munich.....	Bayerischer Hof	Venice..... Britannia
Innsbruck.....	Tirol	Rome..... Quirinal
Vienna.....	Bristol	Florence..... Grand

WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

CONTENTS.

Cartoon: Death and the Press.....	1
Death and the Press: Comment on Cartoon.....	2
About Our Building Boom: By the "Mirror's" Financial Editor.....	2-3
Reflections: Mayor Dunne Trounces Morgan—Ireland and the English Elections—The Ditto Datto—Frisco-Rock Island Terminals Here—Time to Let Up—Rival Reformers—Follies About the Wedding—Capt. Van Schaick—Good Idea—No Private Contract—Cold Storage Pto-maines—A Warning to Politicians—Folk for President Again—Home Rule Police—The Why of It—Miss Alice's Intended—The Bible Yell—Town Topics Victims—Choking the Popular Voice—The Land Issue in England.....	3-6
Ballade of Bitter-Sweet. By Thomas Lomax Hunter.....	4
Kindly Caratures No. 41: WJ McGee. By Albert Bloch.....	7-8
The Maiden's Quavering Heart: By J. L. Petez.....	8
The Blood of the Prophets: By Percy Vincent Donovan.....	8
A Rag-Time World: By Ernest McGaffey..	8-9
From Romany to Rome: By Wallace Irwin	9
Blue Jay's Chatter.....	10-12
Why Wall Street Wants Currency Expansion.....	12-13
The Tryst at the Cedar: By Percy Vincent Donovan.....	13-14
De Flagello Myrteo.....	14
Music.....	15
Printed by Request: Blancheleys. By Victor J. Daley.....	16
Art in St. Louis.....	17
Theatricals.....	18-19
Magazines.....	20
"Turkeys in the Straw".....	9
Letters From the People: Public Etiquette—This Covers It—Suspenders and Statesmen—The Panel Game Cartoon—Good-Bye to the Big Clinch.....	21-22
The Stock Market.....	23-24

THE MIRROR

Death and the Press

Comment on Cartoon.

ADVERTISING quacks make business for themselves by the suggestion of disease in the advertisements. The ignorant public draws its ills from those "ads." It swarms to the office of the quacks, there to be first swindled, then poisoned and otherwise malpracticed upon. The feathers of Death's wings are the quack's "ads." These medical fakirs keep many seriously ill people from going to competent physicians who might cure them, until too late. Thus the press takes money to make Death busier than he should be. In fact, for a few filthy plasters the papers connive at a game that in its most innocent form is fraud and graduates in infamy until it culminates in murder. And the press won't even tell the people that the reputable scientific physicians of St. Louis are prosecuting the quacks for uttering filthy advertisements in the papers.

♦♦♦

About Our Building Boom

By the "Mirror's" Financial Editor.

DOWN in real estate row they are in a felicitous mood. They look for great things and still greater profits in their line of business in 1906. The vernal days are feverishly waited for. The spring boom is expected to open with great *eclat*. Optimism is insistent and infectious in every office. Every agent you meet will glibly and confidently advise you to buy. There will be brisk, extensive operations before long in old and new subdivisions. The agents assure you that the real estate boom in this burg is still in its incipient stage. They talk like oily-tongued stockbrokers in the climacteric days of a riotous Wall Street speculation *a la hausse*.

In confirmation of his honeyed words of solicitation, the agent points to the country's building statistics for the year 1905, lately given forth in *The Construction News*. These figures show that St. Louis practically made the largest gain in new building operations among the important cities—65 per cent. Every month of 1905 indicates a striking growth, compared with the corresponding months in 1904. About 8,250 building permits were issued in St. Louis in 1905, against only 4,080 in the preceding year.

These figures are used as clinchers in the agent's persuasive arguments in favor of a continuation of the buying furore. With more than customary aplomb, he tells you that there's no risk whatever in investing in St. Louis real estate. Money, according to his facile reasoning, will remain easy for years to come. There's no pinch in sight. The astounding piling up of deeds of trust in the Recorder's office does not trouble him a bit. He blandly tries to convince you that mortgages are the best and safest index and promise of material wealth and progress. No matter where you buy, you can't lose. This is what's technically known as "con" talk.

Every man with his eyes and mind open knows that St. Louis is a good field for investment and enterprise. It's a city of excellent geographical location, of splendid industrial opportunities and advantages. Even the extortionate tolls of the Terminal Association could not and will not stop the city's development. St. Louis' material greatness is dependent upon the most ancient, the most noble, the most productive of all human industries,—agriculture. There's a marvelous empire surrounding the town. And from this empire St. Louis draws its main wealth and population. What wonder, therefore, if the faith of the inhabitants is evidencing itself in confident investment in its industrial enterprises and real property! But this faith now promises to degenerate into foolishness.

The World's Fair was succeeded by a remarkable boom in building operations. Why? Because the Fair had attracted people from the outside; because money could easily be obtained from January 1st, 1904, to September, 1905; because the development of the great Southwest received a new and striking impetus in the last few years through the eagerness of people to invest in new farming land, and, lastly, because the investing and speculative communities, shocked and scared by the big *krach* in security markets in 1902 and 1903 had decided to employ their funds in real estate operations. The last named was, perhaps, the main reason for the great gain in new buildings.

Money was easy, very easy. Agents dwelt with emphasis upon the plenitude of money at the banks. "Why rent flats and houses, when money is so plentiful?" they queried of customers.

Tracts of land were bought, subdivided, properly prepared and put on the market. The advertisements offering new lots were copious and glaring. They invited what is known as margin-buying. Terms were exceedingly easy,—10 per cent down, the rest in terms to suit. Almost anybody could afford to buy on such conditions. And they bought. One man's buying enthusiasm infected the other. Mr. Flat bought property. The purchase price was \$3,500. He paid \$350 down, the rest he promised to pay in payments of \$25 each month. He agreed to pay 6 per cent interest on the deferred purchase money. Now he is worrying. He is thinking hard over the bargain he made. He has to pay about \$40 each month, not to reckon expenditures for repairs, taxes, water license, etc. He has mortgaged his future for years ahead. He works and frets for the man who has bought his deed of trust, and is not secured against sickness, loss of position and death. His tenure is of the flimsiest sort. Do you think he made a good bargain? If you do, there must be something wrong with your thinking apparatus.

There are all kinds of get-rich-quick schemes. This subdivision business is one of them. It's mostly a risky gamble. The man who does not lose out in entering it may thank his lucky star. Why do so many agents make a specialty of subdivision lots? Because there's such big money in it. In the past year the percentage of profit in the sale of such property was enormous. It ran all the way from 200 to 400 per cent, and, in some instances was even more. Any number of "Heights" made their appearance in the past twelve months. It is to be feared that many a purchaser of lots on those "Heights" will be left mighty high and dry when the wave of real estate speculation begins to recede.

New office buildings are going up, or about to be erected. What's to become of the old structures, further down in the decaying part of the city? There's certainly no reason to believe that all of these buildings will be filled, or will remain filled. Rental will have to come down, and this prospect is not calculated to inspire confidence in the value of bonds issued on the various prominent office buildings.

The margin-buyer is much in evidence in the down town section. His exploits are spaciouly chronicled in the papers. They are used to intensify the speculative craze. Wall Street employs the same tricks when stocks are boiling. The news that Gates made six millions overnight makes the hordes of gamblers frantic to emulate his success.

"Buy now," gurgles the real estate agent, "buy now! Take a risk on that down-town lot. You need not put up much cash. Hold it for six or twelve months. You will make a fortune on the transaction." It's speculative buying of this sort that underlies most of the phenomenal advances recently scored in St. Louis down-town property. The fever is contagious. Buying is made easy, the agent is cock-sure in his predictions, and the profits promise to be more than ample. Why not take a chance? Why not get

quick? There's lots of room for margin-speculation in that section bounded by Clark avenue on the south, Franklin avenue on the North, Fourth street on the East and Jefferson avenue on the West.

While all this excitement of buying and gambling is in progress the decadent section grows in extent. The people are moving further West. "For Rent" signs are to be noticed everywhere. The signs of decay are making their appearance as far West as Grand avenue. There's cheap property to be had between Jefferson and Grand avenues and Lawton and Finney avenues. Owners in that section are anxious to sell. They are making strong efforts to get rid of their holdings while the real estate boom is at its height.

There's a day of reckoning ahead of us. It's not so far distant, either. Present indications favor a bad squeeze in money rates before this year is out. Only one thing can prevent it,—a subsidence of the speculative furore in stocks, commodities and land. A continuation of the mania to buy will surely get us onto the rocks of disaster. And what's then to become of the thousands of borrowers on real estate? Now, it's all "buy, buy, buy!" then it will be "pay, pay, pay!"

THE MIRROR sounds here and now a note of warning, and it is a coincidence that in New York City where a similar boom prevails the best papers are editorializing in this same strain. Beware of the day of the swarming foreclosures on building loans. That's all.

Reflections

Mayor Dunne Trounces Morgan.

THE MIRROR has said from the beginning that Mayor Dunne, of Chicago, would win out in his fight for the municipalization of the street railway systems of that city. After every imaginable device of delay, after snubbing the Mayor, after dickers with both the old traction companies for extension of franchises in the old bad boodle fashion, after every argument of the press—except Hearst's papers—the brokers and all conservative interests, after the courts had been appealed to and innumerable highly reputable lawyers had given opinions against the submission of a public ownership ordinance to the referendum, after Dunne was supposed to have been beaten to a standstill—pouf! Suddenly the traction interest alderman, the gray wolves, the suspected boodlers, who had all along fought Dunne, flopped over to his camp and decided to submit his ordinance to the people after it had been all but smothered in the transportation committee. The papers say the gray wolves wouldn't stick because the traction companies wouldn't put up to put out the Mayor's bill and pass their own, but others think the gray wolves got tired of holding out against popular sentiment for the interests that couldn't or wouldn't accept the transportation committee's extension ordinance. Whatever the cause of the gray wolves' stampede to Dunne, the fact is they have stampeded and the Mayor's bill will go before the people who elected him to submit to them that sort of a bill and they will approve the measure beyond all doubt. The Mayor's ordinance provides in substance for a construction company, which shall put the street car lines into good condition and turn them over to the city upon demand without other compensation than reimbursement for actual necessary and approved expenditures, with 5 per cent interest. Chicago voted for municipal ownership as far back as 1902. The fight has been in progress since July, 1883, now in Chicago's aldermanic board, now in the Legislature at Springfield, but grew acute with the

expiration of the franchises in 1903. The cause has steadily progressed until within a few weeks when the Aldermen seemed irrevocably opposed to Dunne. But it was the darkest hour before the dawn and now the interests are up against certain defeat and can do nothing but denounce the gray wolves who wouldn't support the franchise robbers when the robbers wouldn't divide the spoils. Mayor Dunne will win—and public attention will not be diverted from the issue by especially worked up "carnivals of rape and murder"—unless the courts are with the interests. Courts seem mostly so to be, but there are times when the courts want to be courts for other terms and they go with the people. Mayor Dunne has thrashed Pierpont Morgan out of his boots in Chicago. He has made a mock of the influence of the thunderous press suborned by "the interests." And all the press in other cities, also suborned by "the interests," suppress the news so far as they can. They don't want municipal ownership sentiment stirred up in other cities—but it's stirring. If St. Louis only had a Mayor!

A SERGEANT and one officer have been driven to suicide, several detectives have been expelled from the force in disgrace as a result of the entanglement of the police in corruption due to the transformation of the department into a political machine. But the man higher up who politicalized the force is happy, prosperous, unconscious of taint and the friend and club associate of some of our best people. He still talks Wells and good government and the blood of Colestock and of Scollard does not choke him, as Danton's did the "Seagreen Incorruptible."

Ireland and the English Elections

WHAT effect will the Liberal tidal wave in the English elections have on the cause of Ireland? The New York *Sun* summarizes a reply to this question about as sensibly and satisfactorily as seems possible at this junction of affairs. Nobody expects, says that paper, that the new Liberal Premier will introduce a Home Rule bill in the present Parliament, because the House of Lords will continue to throw out such a measure until it shall have been distinctly demanded by the constituencies. It goes on to explain that the present general election not having turned on the Home rule issue, it would simply be a waste of time to drive through the new House of Commons a bill conferring upon Ireland a separate Legislature. On the other hand, the *Sun* sees reason to believe that, with the co-operation of the Duke of Devonshire and of those Conservative peers who approve of the Dunraven programme of "devolution," almost anything short of a separate Legislature may now be hoped for. That paper, strongly pro-Irish at all times, expects to witness, for example, the concession to Ireland of a Catholic university supported by the British Exchequer; a number of changes in the Wyndham Land Purchase act, which will make that law more acceptable to tenants; extensive measures of relief for the congested districts of Connaught, and the establishment at Dublin of an administrative council made up of delegates from the county councils, as a substitute for the obnoxious institution known as "Castle Government." "All of these things, which the late Ministry declined to grant," says the *Sun*, "may now be expected confidently, provided, of course, the House of Lords can be prevailed upon to sanction them." This last proviso is not so important as it may seem; for the House of Lords plainly totters; that is as a House of hereditary lords. The tremendous growth

of the Laborite party indicates the doom of the Upper House. That party will possibly be strong enough in the not distant future to attack the House of Lords and throw the issue before the country in a way to guarantee its annihilation; as an hereditary body, by a great democratic upheaval. The Laborites are the balance of power in English politics and the back bone of the Liberal fight in the present election. They have elected many members even more unexpectedly than some Republicans were elected in the great 1904 landslide here. The Laborites and the Irish together are a combination that even Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, to whose triumph they contribute, has cause to fear. The "Wild Irishry" will find their demands listened to on all things almost, short of a free parliament in Dublin.

The Ditto Datto

COL. BRYAN has injured his standing by his letters of travel in the Sunday papers. They are mere guide-book stuff, unmarked by any originality of view or freshness of observation. But why should he write his good stuff for the Sunday sheets. He is wise to save it for his own *Commoner*. The Datto may be only an orator, but he is a wise guy as well. The age is commercialized. And we fear the Datto is ditto.

Frisco-Rock Island Terminals Here

THE FRISCO-ROCK ISLAND is to have spacious and capacious terminals and freight houses on this side of the river, like the Wabash. Once the Louisville and Nashville road tried the plan of having terminals on this side of the river, but had to abandon them, because they were rendered useless against the advantage given those taking freight from other roads on the East side in the matter of team transfer. Fact is, the Terminal charges occasionally disappear on freight because one road in the Terminal Association puts freight into St. Louis at a rate lower than that of a rival road plus the switching charges. The Rock Island will give battle for business in the Northwest and Northeast territory to other roads and the rate cutting will on occasion more than offset the switching charges. Indeed, at bottom, the trouble is not with the Terminal tolls but with the rates to St. Louis. This Frisco-Rock Island terminal, with the Wabash terminal seems to answer to some extent the demand for depots on this side. Now, if only the roads having depots on the East side would make their freight houses and platforms conform to the needs of the merchants there would be less kicking. Some of the freight houses are arranged as they were twenty years ago, so that freights for different stations on one road have to be delivered at as many different doors, instead of at one door and then distributed on the platform to the cars for various destinations. It is this antiquated method of receipt and delivery of goods that causes such annoying congestion in the team transfer of freight across the river.

Time To Let Up

ISN'T it about time for the St. Louis dailies to let up on their fake stories about Lieutenant Scharrer and Miss Busch? Every other day sees a new story. If the young people are to marry they will probably let us know in time. If they are not, where's the news in that proposition? And if Mr. Eugene Angert is or is not to be the groom, this thing of forcing him into an apparently halting rivalry with the Stuttgarter is unpleasantly indelicate. The Busch family is entitled to keep its own counsel concerning the intentions of Miss Wilhelmina, and the papers, while entitled to

the news there may be as to her engagement or non-engagement, are going far beyond the decent limitations on freedom of the press in keeping before the public gaze for curious analysis the most sacredly intimate affairs of a girl who is in no sense a public personage.

❖❖

Rival Reformers

ATTORNEY GENERAL HADLEY is being watched by one man in the world without the most cordial approval. That one man is not John D. Rockefeller either. It is Joseph Wingate Folk. For Hadley is a brilliant and gorgeous demonstration that "there are others" in Missouri, besides the immaculate, the impeccable, the infallible, the invincible Folk. What's to become of Folk if, after all, he's not such a much, but only a symptom of the Missouri idea? And wouldn't it be sad if Folk should come to be deemed, as compared with Hadley, only a kindergarten reformer. Still one or the other, Folk or Hadley, may well say as did Schley, after Santiago, when friends of Sampson became clamorous for the honor of the victory: "There is glory enough for all." It's all for old Missouri, anyhow. That's the right way to feel about it.

❖❖

Follies About the Wedding

LET us shut our eyes to the follies about to be perpetrated and enacted in the way of popular wedding presentations to Miss Roosevelt upon her marriage. A little kindly lunacy is to be overlooked, not reprobated. And besides, there's no chance that the people will have any opportunity for asinine supersensitiveness as when they got mad at Dewey for giving the house they had given him, to his wife. We sincerely trust that they won't write violently to the newspapers if she lets Mr. Longworth drive the team they give her, or drink out of the tea service. The people are very childish at times and being of them we must not get too angry or disgusted with them.

❖❖

Capt. Van Schaick

CAPT. VAN SCHAICK, aged 67, has been convicted and sentenced to prison for ten years for not maintaining weekly fire drill and otherwise not regarding rules for life-saving enjoined by the law, on the steamer *Slocum* in the burning of which, eighteen months ago, one thousand people lost their lives. The Captain is a victim of routine neglect of specified precautions against disaster. He hadn't had an accident or a fire on his boat in long years and he thought he never would have. The longer he went without one the surer he was the luck would continue, when in fact his protracted immunity was only an argument that a break in his good fortune was the more probable. One thousand lives were the cost of his fatidical belief that it was useless to reinforce his luck with precautions prescribed by law based on the experience of man for ages. We all go along like Van Schaick trusting to luck and in the end we are usually fortunate only in that the consequences of that course do not involve disaster to others than ourselves. We may have a right not to arm ourselves against fate, but we have no right to neglect the precautions of ordinary common sense against suffering, ruin and death coming to those in any sense dependent upon us for their comfort or happiness or safety.

❖❖

Good Idea.

THAT'S a good scheme of the Civic Improvement League, to have a Municipal Art Commission to prevent the erection of architectural monstrosities in our streets, to protect us from atrocities in sculpture, to

provide graceful plans for the parks and places we shall have in future, to oversee the mural decorations in our public buildings. They might even supervise the task of putting the town *en fete* on occasion, the designs of arches, the color schemes for processional routes, etc. St. Louis should be made to grow and develop in some sort of regard for artistic effect. An Art Commission may not have much to do for some time, but there are things that will have to be done later, and when done, they should be done with the best possible effect of beauty combined with utility. A good scheme. Push it along!

❖❖

No Private Contract.

IN the end it seems likely that the pull for a Panama Canal built mostly by private contractors will grow stronger. Shonts wants it. Stevens wants it. But the people don't want it. The private contract system breeds scandal too profusely. Then the work is so vast that private contract is not likely to be able to handle the job satisfactorily. The job is one of governmental size and will call for a tremendous outlay over long periods of time in which financial and other fluctuations will certainly cause financial embarrassments to contractors and delay to the work. The government can drive the work along and have it done under a sort of military discipline. In these general anti-graft times the proper thing to do is to build the canal as completely as possible under government auspices when the government *personnel* is so strongly anti-graft. We don't want a horde of big canal contractors in our politics at the next election and operating in the next Congress. The canal by private contract is not in accord with the people's temper. The Government can do the work cheaper than anybody else, provided of course that the Government is not to be hobbled with too much red tape.

❖❖❖

Ballade of the Bitter-Sweet

By Thomas Lomax Hunter

MY son, I pray you mark her well,
For she is false as she is fair
And bitter-sweet. The Circean spell
Is woven in her odorous hair;
Her mad'ning beauty is a snare
By Satan set for foolish feet.
It is not given tongues to tell
The victims of the Bitter-Sweet.

Her luring laughter sounds the knell
Of those high heart resolves we swear;
Her flattering honey-lips dispel
Our dreams like vapors in the air.
No hope we have that she will spare;
Ambition faints before her feet.
The jewels of our souls we sell
To pleasure her, the Bitter-Sweet.

Her siren-tongue that sounds so well
(Her heart is false, her words are fair),
My son, is like a warning bell
Whose notes forever cry, "Beware."
Subtle of heart, she watches there
Upon the corner of the street
With many a tempting lie to tell
The simple ones, the Bitter-Sweet.

L'Envoi.

My son, I pray you mark her well—
In no man's house abide her feet.
And all her ways go down to Hell
By primrose paths, the Bitter-Sweet.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

Cold Stored Ptomaines.

THE practice of storing game and fowls for long periods without dressing has been condemned in a special resolution by the New York and New England Association of Railway Surgeons. This resolution asserts that death and injury from toxic infection are increasing, and that most of it can be traced directly to the eating of food that has been thus stored. The Health Departments of big cities would do well to look after the ptomaine factories masquerading under the name of cold storage establishments, no matter what the respectability or political prominence of the men at the head of them.

❖❖

A Warning to Politicians

BEN WESTHUS, who was a good United States Collector at St. Louis, has been let out of that office. So far as known there was no charge against him. Some months ago he was warned that he could not be reappointed to his place if he didn't withdraw from his activities in the fight against the Terminal Association. An endeavor, more or less direct, was made to pull him off from the free bridge movement. It was made by some of his best friends. He wouldn't budge. And when the time came, he got it where the lady wore the beads.

❖❖

Folk for President Again

WHEN it comes to the matter of getting votes for the nomination for President in the next National Democratic Convention it will be remembered that Joseph W. Folk made speeches supporting the Democratic cause in the 1905 elections in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and that he refused to speak for Mr. Jerome's independent candidacy against Tammany and the organization in New York City. This gives him standing as a good "regular" in the regions where the gold element or the reorganizers are strong and he will have plenty of strength in the sections of the more radical West and South. Any old time the politicians of the old crooked regime in this State think that Folk doesn't know the larger political game, they have another think coming to them. And when they think they are going to tie Folk up in the next Legislature they are as badly fooled as they were when they thought they could seduce him into calling a special session of the Legislature this year with the old crowd headed by Morton and Farris still strong in the Senate. There's only one wise politician in Missouri outside of Folk, in the Democratic camp. His name is Stone and he's not fighting Folk like the smaller fry. I met Col. Bill Phelps the other evening and asked him what he thought of the Republicans carrying the State this fall. "Unless St. Louis goes Republican by at least 30,000," said the king of the lobby, "they have no show on earth. The Democrats out in the State are going to stand by the administration." It's up to the St. Louis Democrats, therefore, to determine whether in order to get even with Folk they shall lose not only the State, but the city jobs as well. And if they knife the ticket they won't capture the State organization and the State will line up all the stronger for Folk in order to get even with the city politicians who are willing to throw away everything as a means to discrediting him. In no event can Folk lose the State vote for the Presidential nomination if he should desire it. He's slicker than all his opponents together, and he's in shape to climb on the back of any issue that may come up into paramouncy between now and the time for the choosing of the delegates. He can push forward radically and draw back conservatively on matters of policy as the oc-

sion may demand. There's no one can beat him for the nomination, apparently, but Mr. Bryan, and Mr. Bryan might well reason that a term as premier of Folk, in the event of Democratic success, would be a stepping stone to his own candidacy and possible reelection in 1912. Folk's present position is one that permits of his taking as advanced ground as may be necessary to satisfy Bryan. As yet he is not advanced enough for Bryanites as to fundamental reform, but he goes slowly, cautiously, carefully, does Joseph.

❖❖

Home Rule Police

THE police force is better under State than under city management, because the Governor is more responsive to popular opinion than the Mayor. If anything goes wrong with the police the country folks are quick to take fire and demand the why and wherefore. The Governor usually has future political ambitions, to the gratification of which popular favor is necessary and he is likely to act at once towards a remedy of conditions complained of. Besides, the police is a State not a city power. The metropolitan system is, on the whole, better than the municipal system of police control. All the metropolitan system needs is that it should be "depoliticized," that it be operated not as a one party affair. A city controlled police would only make the force more a part of politics. It is not in evidence that New York's or Chicago's city police system is better than that of St. Louis. With Missouri a doubtful State, it is no longer impossible for the Republicans to obtain a say in police affairs or for the city to punish the State administration for police evils. The cry for home rule of the police is only a good-sounding cry. We don't want a city police that may be controlled by a combination of bi-partisan rogues and rascals, by the dive keepers and gamblers of both parties united on a basis of manipulating the police for the protection of vice and crime. Governor Folk may well be wary of all home rule proposals as to the police, for most of them mean nothing more than that the gangs in both parties want to capture the force. There's some chance of shaking off one gang. There would be little chance of improving conditions if both gangs worked together for police power.

❖❖

The Why of It.

ONE of the reasons why there is such a fight against the Statehood bill is that the corporation interests are more tenderly taxed and better treated generally in Territories than in States where the people get a chance to put their ideas on corporation taxation into the laws. The Territories are the homes of many corporation snaps.

❖❖

Miss Alice's Intended.

MR. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, for the time being, looms big as one of the world's greatest statesmen. All the world loves a lover and so Nick is a white-headed boy for a little while. His speeches have an adventitious interest for everybody, and we're all glad to see that he is not the usual rich young man by any means. We are not averse to his acquiring a little glory to top off his happiness and good fortune in having won the heart of a sweet and vivacious and pretty girl whom the people like for her artlessness in a somewhat difficult position. As for the value of his views as such upon any of the big questions, that must be determined later, when the glamour of the fact of his being the accepted lover of the President's daughter shall have passed and left us divested of the sympathy with which we view him as a prospective bridegroom. We wish that he may be all he ought to be, all we should like him to be as

the custodian of the future of a young woman who has won our affections not less than his own. Happily, he seems in no danger of taking himself too seriously as a statesman, and this will go far to prevent others of our sentimental people from making the mistake which he has thus far had tact enough to avoid.

❖❖

The Bible Yell

RELIGION gets to be more and more up-to-date and consequently tainted. Over in Columbus, Ohio, in the First Methodist Episcopal Church there is a pastor, Rev. Alfred H. Pitkin. Sunday before last there was a special service at that church for children. As the children entered the church, each youngster according to a veracious newspaper dispatch, was provided with a slip of paper on which was printed in bold type:

Say, my chum, have you seen
II. Timothy, II., 15; III., 15;
I John, I., 7, 9;
Romans, VIII., 16?
I. Thessalonians, v. 22.
Tells you exactly what to do.

The adult members of the congregation had not been informed of what was coming. The Rev. Mr. Pitkin mounted the pulpit and announced that the service would open with the "Bible yell" instead of the usual hymn by the choir, and that the cornetist who leads the singing would lead the yell, he having been taken into the pastor's confidence. The youngsters had by this time learned the mystic symbols, and when the pastor and cornetist led the way the building fairly shook as these words rolled out of 200 youthful throats, every little sinner putting all his voice into the work:

Say, my chum, have you seen
Second Timothy, two, fifteen three, fifteen;
First John, one, seven, nine;
Romans, eight and sixteen?
First Thessalonians, five, twenty-two.
Tells you, exactly what to do.

Some of the older members of the congregation didn't know whether to feel scandalized or pleased, but the great majority enjoyed the novelty and applauded vigorously. After a few trials the children had the "Bible yell" down pat, and gave it with true rhythm and proper emphasis; and how they did seem to enjoy it! The yell was repeated as often as an excuse could be found throughout the service. This is the sort of religion that we might expect to produce some of our religious millionaires, the religion that gives us the piety of Rockefellers and Tom Ryans and other mighty bandits who defy and disturb the laws and still keep up a pretense of godliness. The Bible yell is a war cry with which the youths of to-day will go into battle in the world. It tells them not only "exactly what to do," but who to do. You can cheat, gouge, spike, butt, trip, bite, scratch, kick, wrench and maim, just as you do in foot ball to an inspiring yell. It is a silly sort of device at first blush, but its silliness, upon further examination, develops a gross and brutal conception of religion as something to be carried with a whoop. It matters not what happens to be the subject matter of the texts referred to in the Bible yell. All their virtue is lost in the terrible vulgarization of the device. It is such an obvious piece of sensationalism, so out of place, so maudlinly banal. It was well enough in the time when the Crusaders went out against the infidel and Saracen, to engage in battle to the cry "God wills it!" but this Columbus yell is simply an evidence that there are people preaching and teaching the gospel who should be peddling fish or barking in front of a dime museum. Religion has

many things to contend with in these days, such as science, luxury, indifference, commercialism, etc., but of all the things that injure and obstruct the religious cause the worst is the foolishness of its own preachers who concoct such things as this "Bible yell."

❖❖

Town Topic's Victims

NEW YORK'S Society and High Finance are condemned equally with Col. Mann and Justice Deuel and *Town Topics* in the verdict of acquittal of Editor Norman Hapgood of *Collier's Weekly*, accused of libeling the "genteel" grafter. The swells of Gotham appear to have been a particularly cowardly lot and mostly guilty of something whereon the *Town Topics* crowd "had" them. New York's sinners are not picturesque; they are not unique or original; they are not "game." Such a shake-down as that conducted by Col. Mann could not have flourished in any other city in the country.

❖❖

Choking the Popular Voice

THE bond bill will not get to the people. There will be other mistakes found in the transcribed council bill. There will be every delay imaginable, to afford time to convince the House of Delegates. There will be a deluge of legal opinion against the free bridge clause and the unit vote. The people are not going to be permitted to vote on the bond issue bill with a free bridge provision in it, even though the free bridge provision is what will inevitably carry the other provisions for public improvements. The MIRROR believes that the free bridge proposition as it stands is an economic and transportation delusion and fallacy, that it will not relieve the city's commerce of the switching tolls or of the congestion of freight on both sides of the river, but if the people want a chance to vote on the free bridge proposition they should have it. The people are supposed to rule this city. They seem to want the free bridge provision in the bond issue bill. The men whom the people elected to represent them are doing everything in their power to throttle the people, to prevent them from expressing their will. The people may be wrong, as I think they are, but they should not be gagged by the men in office who are suspiciously inclined to take that view of all propositions which accords with that of the special interests as opposed to the public interests. It is pretty plain that the present City Hall administration will let all the imperatively needed improvements go by the board rather than take a chance of passing them all and the free bridge proposition with them.

❖❖

The Land Issue in England.

THE tremendous Liberal sweep in the English elections is almost a revolution. It is an uprising of the laboring classes, urban and rural. They are not uprising in favor of free trade, but in favor of free land, in favor of the taxation of land values. They vote for a policy that will necessarily tax the soil out of possession of those who hold it for no use except to force the people on to land where its scarcity makes its value high and imposes a heavy burden upon all who must directly or indirectly get their living from the land. The holding out of land crowds the people into the cities where they must pay the landlord's price or starve. This is the chief issue of the Liberal campaign. But the press of this country ignores it lest the English advance toward an approximate Single Tax give an impetus to the movement in that direction in this country. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's succession of victories is but the result of English recognition that the landed interests are the origin

and sources of all real oppression in that country. The Laborite uprising is a demonstration of a determination that Labor shall have its rights which are prior to capital, since labor is not paid out of capital, but capital has its origin in labor, and labor is overburdened because it is kept from the land, because it is made to pay exorbitantly for its use of the land which was given by God to all men. All labor is, in its last analysis, use of the earth and if labor has to pay too much for the use of the earth it is thereby robbed of that much of the value of its application to the activities of life that have their bases in the use of the land. It is this rather than Free Trade that the people are voting for, though of course a corollary of free land is free water and free trade. The Prime Minister of England, though he says not so directly, is as much of a Single Taxer, without proceeding to revolution, as Lyof Tolstoi or Henry George. He applies the principle moderately without taxing the full rental value of land. He goes as far as he can go without rabid radicalism in the direction of the public ownership of land, and his step is approved by the vast majority of the people. But the Associated Press ignores all this. Why? Because the Associated Press is a combination of papers owned and controlled by the beneficiaries of the present system of exploitation of the land and those who live on it; because the English sweep of the Liberals might be followed by a public ownership revolution in this country. The public gets what the Associated Press wants to give it, and that colored, distorted, disguised as the interests of those dominating the Associated Press see fit. That organization is the greatest institution in this country to make people think wrong, as it dopes them with twisted facts as a basis for thinking.

❖❖

MR. SHONTS is a great draughtsman. He draws two salaries at once: one from the Government, as head of the canal works, \$30,000 per year; one from the Clover Leaf railroad, \$12,000. Neither concern gets all his service. One is being cheated.

❖❖

"HOME Rule for St. Louis" is a fake issue. It's a "job" to put the dives and crap games on top in both parties, and Wells is acting responsive to strings pulled by Hawes for the Cella-Adler-Tilles gambling and graft combination.

❖❖

Hawes on Top

It begins to look as if Gov. Folk is, or has, drifted into an alliance with the former boss, Mr. Hawes, to control party affairs in this city. Mr. R. H. Kern could not have been elected president of the Jefferson Club without the support of Hawes. The tie that binds Folk and Hawes is Mr. Nelson W. McLeod. The lumberman is a great believer in the former leader, and, in fact, thinks more of him than he does of Folk. So far as concerns the City Committee, no matter what sort of "guff" the boys give Excise Commissioner Mulvihill, they are only playing him along. The committeemen can get nothing from the Folk forces. The "merit system" on the police force shuts them out of patronage in that quarter. On the other hand, Hawes has the dispensing of the patronage of the City Hall, and there is a lot of it. As the next city ticket will be chosen by a direct primary, the old Hawes crowd will have things their own way. The committeemen will perpetuate themselves in power. It is anticipated that the next city ticket will be beaten, as a result of the enforcement of the laws against saloon keepers. After the ticket has been beaten there will be a cry for the rein-

statement of Hawes in the leadership. With Hawes back as leader, through the work of McLeod, operations will begin to get the Missouri delegation to the Democratic convention for Folk. The fight will be Hawes and Folk against Butler and his big St. Louis Democratic Club. There has been some dalliance between Folk and the president of the Butler club, Colin M. Selph. But Selph appears to have been running after Folk more than Folk has been running after Selph. This has had the effect of making Hawes readier to get into the Folk camp. At present it looks as if Hawes is still the master of the situation locally. Of course Butler has strength enough to beat any ticket that may be put up, but that is not worrying Hawes. The Folk men are powerless, because they have no jobs to give the men who can carry their wards. Hawes controls all the jobs there are that Democrats can look for, and the jobs win all the tricks. As the politicians figure, there is no way for the Democrats to carry the city, and the only thing left worth having is control of the party machinery. Hawes seems to have that "cinched." How long will it be before Hawes and Butler get together?

❖❖

COULDN'T be that "the Stabber" is a journalist doing a sort of *Ivan Whin* stunt, eh? We have some very progressive journalists these days.

❖❖

Store Door Delivery

THE railroad memorandum as to team transfer of freight over the river tends to prevent what St. Louis merchants want and the St. Louis Transfer Co. has been giving for many years at a low rate—store door delivery. Free ferries, cheaply built, quickly provided, would give store door delivery to all merchants whose business is not big enough to warrant their contracting with the St. Louis Transfer Company. The Southern railway, it seems, will ship goods for store door delivery by way of the Transfer Co., without a rate additional to the St. Louis rate. The other roads must come to time on this proposition.

❖❖

HAVE yez had a bid to the weddin'? No! Then you're not of the Nation's Three Thousand!

❖❖

Little Joe.

GENERAL JOE WHEELER was a great cavalry leader, inferior only to the greatest, Stonewall Jackson, and after him Phil Sheridan. But he was greater than that. He saw that the war settled the issues on which it was fought and he led in the reconciliation of the sections, was the first to doff the gray for the blue. Moreover he was a man of kind heart and pleasant wit and his death means the passing of a figure in our national life upon which concentrated a people's kindest affection.

❖❖

ATTORNEY GENERAL HADLEY condemns the fact that too many lawyers find outlet for their genius in aiding corporations to evade the laws. General Hadley shows the good effect of reading the MIRROR.

❖❖

A Municipal Theater

THE municipal theater at Northampton, Mass., made a profit last year of \$9.41, which will be applied to a reduction of the deficit in 1904 of \$3,100. The Northampton Academy of Music is one of the two municipal theaters in the United States. In the ten years of its existence the house has been operated four seasons at a profit and six seasons at a loss. The net deficit is \$5.74. The management, which is vested in a board of trustees, of which Dr. L.

Clark Seelye, president of Smith College is president, believes the undertaking has now reached a self-supporting basis. This looks absurd, but it is not. A municipal theater in a larger town would draw better patronage, while, of course, its conduct would cost more in some ways. Attractions worth while in a large city would want a big share of the receipts, but there would be no taxes to pay for one thing and no theater license. There is no reason why, if a city put up a theater building, it shouldn't pay as well as a private enterprise of the sort. This bit of news from Northampton should be interesting to "Jim" Metcalfe of *Life*, who wants an endowed theater as an escape from the syndicate, though of course Jim wants endowed actors more than he wants buildings. The city theater is not an impossible future development on a large scale. It should come with public baths, playgrounds, etc.

❖❖

Now that Christian IX is dead, what Power will grab little Denmark? Christian, in order to save his domain, became "the father-in-law of Europe," but the marriage of his children and grandchildren into other royal families won't save his realm now, if it have any strategic value. There may be something doing soon in Denmark.

❖❖

GOULD strains to beat Yoakum and Rockefeller in giving us faster mail service to the Southwest. What we want is a fight between Eastern roads for St. Louis business. Then St. Louis will be on the map as to railroad rates.

❖❖

D. R. F. and Stolen Goods.

It appears that some of our own high financiers aren't behind some of the New Yorkers, but will take any money that comes along, even if it be red hot or tainted. The decision of Judge Hough against the David R. Francis brokerage concern that it could or should have known that stocks hypothecated with it to make good losses in speculation was taken by young Charles R. Platt, in breach of trust—in looser language, stolen. It seems also that one feature of the Francis defence to the suit of Platt's impoverished relatives was that the bonds were lost in a gambling transaction. Is David R. Francis a gambler? Does he say so himself? But that isn't nearly as bad as the imputation in Judge Hough's decision, that our great man should have known—almost that he *did* know—that young Platt was blowing in his mother's and brothers' and sisters' fortunes without authority in bucking the stock and grain game in Francis' office. Maybe I'm dense, but I can't see that Judge Hough's decision doesn't come mighty near to putting our great D. R. F. in something like the same class of magnates as the McCalls and McCurdys and Depews. And at that it seems that Judge Hough decides back to Platt only something less than \$33,000 of the \$134,000 of which he robbed his family in order to play in our first citizen's game. This decision will give keen interest to Senator Tom Carter's charge of graft in connection with the World's Fair. "Our Dave," a receiver of stolen goods? Can it be? Yet what other meaning can we draw from Judge Hough's decision?

❖❖

We are likely to have our eyes opened to some of the deviousness of high finance in St. Louis when Brooks Johnson's suit to set aside the sale of the Transit Company to the United Railways Company comes up this month. That whole deal is imperiled by the street car magnates selling to and buying from themselves.

H
given
printer
McGee
Intern
the J
The
He is
less an
the pro



Kindly Caricatures No. 41

WJ MCGEE

HE'S an anthropologist. He knows all periods but he knows 'em so well he won't have 'em after or between the two letters that are his name. It's WJ—without a dot. And if printers' maledictions were heeded on high, Prof. McGee would be lost in the lowest circle of Dante's Inferno—for they will put in the dot after the W and the J and the proof-reader will scratch it out.

The professor knows all about man in all ages. He is an authority upon man's past, but a most guileless and "easy" gentleman so far as concerns man in the present. I fear that his anthropology would not

protect him from gold brick men if ever he strayed on lower Broadway in little old New York. He looks like William Makepeace Thackeray, suddenly surprised before brushing his hair. There wasn't a more popular department head at the World's Fair, and so when we got our Museum started we copped him from the government and put him at the head of it.

He has a lovely job. It consists in heroically struggling to prevent people giving things to the museum. Everybody with a cellar or a garret full of junk wants to get philanthropic and donate it to the

museum. Everybody who has one little flint arrow-head, an old canopy bed, a book one hundred years old, a flint lock musket, a bad ancient chromo, an odd piece of china, wants to give it to Prof. McGee. He has to take a good deal of it, but what he does with it he won't tell. More truck has been unloaded on our museum than would stock all the secondhand stores on North Seventh street—if the said stores would give it room, which they wouldn't.

Also being of a kindly disposition, he has permitted himself to be made a member of the Papyrus Club—an organization of St. Louis "authors," men who

have written bile beans almanacs, compiled real estate catalogues. He will have to accept all these St. Louis "works" with dedications, but some day the museum will open, those "works" will not be found—then death to McGee! The works of St. Louis authors in the Papyrus Club are of undoubted use to the museum—in the cellar, to supply the furnace in winter. Can it be that Prof. McGee knows this?

But simple and childlike though he be, the Professor has not been, as yet, inveigled into the Free Bridge movement. His penchant for curiosities has not led him that far. Next to the man who stops him on the street and asks him whether the word "museum" is pronounced *mew-seum* or *mu-seum*, the professor regards with terror the man who wants to give him the original plans for a free bridge or a tunnel, for filing in the archives. That's but a trifle worse however than the officious person who always introduces him as an "anthropologist." Really it is such things as these that make the learned and loveable gentleman wear that diffusely wearied expression which Caricaturist Bloch has surprised on his features. You'd look worse than that if you had to listen to the alleged ideas on science and art and other things of the museum directors and the members of the Million Club. It's awful to have people who don't know anything about it trying to talk interestingly to you about your specialty.

But of course, it's all a part of anthropology—a phase of the "human various"—to Prof. McGee, who's really almost the finest permanent acquisition in the way of a prominent personality that the city has gained as a result of the World's Fair. He is now preparing a brochure embodying the results of his study of Fourth Ward Indians and showing their relationship to and descent from the Aztecs, the Zuni and the Aleuts.

The Professor has gotten so many things for the museum that it seems sad to say that there is one thing he never gets—Beware. Be not you, O reader, the man to give it him. His heart is weak. He might collapse.—That's money.

The Maiden's Quavering Heart

By J. L. Perez

MISS MARIE was half romantic, half practical, and a rather pretty girl. She could play the piano a little, knew some French, was always tastefully dressed, had a little nose gracefully uptilted, and eyes that were sometimes a light and sometimes a dark blue.

Once she had a remarkable dream.

She saw a balance suspended from the sky. The scales moved up and down without finding their equilibrium.

Two angels kept putting things in them.

On one side a dark angel in high silk hat and frock coat put in diamonds, pearls and gold.

On the other side a white, glorified angel put in tears, sighs and songs.

Above on the tongue of the balance, was suspended her own heart. She recognized it instantly.

This little heart quavered and fluttered and kept moving from one scale to the other.

"Which will you have—

The ring of gold,

The music of song?

Will you have pearls or tears?"

Thus sang the angels, and the little heart quavered and knew not which to choose.

Suddenly she thought of a device—women think even in their dreams. She sprang up and seated herself upon the scale containing the pearls and diamonds and gold, and in order not to weigh down the scale she rested her head upon the other!

Her body was with the gold, the pearls and the

diamonds; her head amid the tears, the sighs and the songs.

And still her heart kept ceaselessly vibrating from one to the other!

Translated from the Yiddish for Current Literature.

The Blood of the Prophets*

By Percy Vincent Donovan

THE enormities of what is called the "System" not only provoke the national conscience to strive against it; they also arouse tempestuous individuals here and there to fiery denunciation. And while the nation, as a whole, is free from pessimism, the individual prophet usually draws the most appalling pictures conceivable of the future before us all. Such dark visions are partially retrospective, besides being prophetic. Militant humanity gets no credit for any possibility of success.

Such a prophet is Mr. Dexter Wallace, who has interpreted his vision in verse, occasionally with considerable power. But the book is too tenuous to have much weight; and we venture to think that the forces of good—in which Mr. Wallace proclaims his lack of faith through disillusionment—are yet stronger than ever before, and mightier than many books.

There is a text from the Greek testament, prefixed on the front page, and calling for universal repentance: "Verily I say unto you that except ye all repent, ye shall likewise be destroyed."

That sentence, coming under such an imposing title as "The Blood of the Prophets," and followed by another text, supported by a transcription of the "Death Sentence pronounced by Pilate," (St. Luke xxiii, 5), would seem to prepare us for terrific things, especially when the opening poem is called the "Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth."

Now, all poetical craftsmanship and criticism apart, and apart from all theology, there is one condemnatory defect about this poem; and that is its lack of faith. It is useless to write any poetry unless one believes in something. It is futile to write invective in poetry unless one believe in some triumphant cause of good, capable of destroying the evil denounced. Swinburne for instance, whose want of religious faith, has often been cast in his teeth, never abused anything without glorifying something he believed to be its remedy. It is worse than futile to denounce the devil and simultaneously to proclaim one's distrust of God. And practically that is what Mr. Wallace's wholesale denunciation of "the System" on the one hand, and pessimistic view of Christ on the other, amounts to.

The result is that no one will ever be moved in the right direction by this book, any more than they are ever moved by modern philosophies. Every day the Salvation Army, with its *War Cry*, does good, wins approval, and touches hearts. It is because the Salvationists believe in something. And faith, after all, does remove mountains, and cast them into the sea.

If from these verses Mr. Wallace anticipates any result, he will be disillusioned. They will never exercise any even remote influence for good; except to confirm skeptics in skepticism, and shake the faith of a few others; whereas if the "Ballad of Jesus of Nazareth" had been written in the same style, but with just the essential difference in the conclusion which lofty belief would have made, the book would have taken effect; even though its effect should never have been apparent, even though skeptics and pessimists should have laughed the author to scorn.

As a matter of fact, there are so many opinions current in these days, that no one can afford to laugh

*"The Blood of the Prophets," by Dexter Wallace, The Rooks Press, Chicago, Ill.

at any one. Everything—far too many things, be it said, are taken too seriously. The failure must always be the man without convictions, or the man who is only convinced of evil.

With all its failures, all its systems of corruption, and all its millionaires, the world is not half such a bad place as is reflected in this book.

We acknowledge that Mr. Wallace is full of prayers to the Supreme Being; but we insist that Mr. Wallace's prayers are useless, because nowhere does he make it apparent that he has ever comprehended any reason for praise or thankfulness, which the immortal instinct of humanity has constituted an essential element in all supplication.

Is it reasonable to suppose that, if we pray to a God whom our imagination discredits for the past, we shall gain any good for the future? We are compelled, either to believe that God is good, or to reject him altogether. Whining at colorless infinitude is worse than profane. And the belief that conditions of higher happiness are so incompatible with this earth, that everything must find compensation elsewhere, is imbecile.

There are, however, some fine verses in this book, which would harmonize much more forcefully with optimism than with pessimism, as for instance:

"So we shall not forever lie

In graves o'er run by cloven feet—

We, vanquished who were first to die;

We, hooted from the Judgment seat.

Come armed hands, and hands that clutch

The bauble world, fall to your knees—

Oh you who triumphed over-much—

For death shall strangle even these."

But it is rather a pity that we should have to search for these things.

A Rag-Time World

By Ernest McGaffey

SYNCOPE is the order of the day. Rag-time, the music of the times. In the churches, the ministers, after having vainly struggled against the tide, are giving us rag-time sermons, half lectures, half theological cake-walks. Heaven has been invaded, Hell relegated to the orthodox junk-heaps, the miracles exploded, the martyrs laughed at, the saints ignored and a fantastic, cap-and-bells modernity has taken the place of the "old-time religion"—the kind that was "good enough for Silas."

What is the reason? The fear of not "being in the swim;" the fear of being behind the times. The preachers, instead of sticking to their theological knitting, have strayed far afield in the rag-time paths of political and civil dalliance, and have found themselves caught in the whirl. They have mixed with the business world and the nether world, not on a basis of Christian helpfulness, but because of curiosity and a craze for notoriety.

The result is, that their sermons, their churches and their lives are specked with a rag-time, inconsequential tinge, and their one-time influence is greatly on the wane. Their congregations wax more respectable, even fashionable, but the "Man of Sorrows" and his example are the last things that worry them. Their men go to sleep or scheme for the following Monday, as they sit in their cushioned pews. The women gossip mildly, attend Bible classes, dispense charity "in the name of a cautious, statistical Christ," go "slumming," and divide their time between clubs, theaters, golf grounds, and the big retail stores, with a little dash of home life thrown in to give variety.

There is just one thing needed to give the ultra tang, and that is to have rag-time played on the church organs, the choir coming in with some such

music as "When the women do the work, do the work, do the work—that the men ought to do."

On the stage rag-time has succeeded Bill Shakespeare. What show has *Hamlet* with the Botcher brothers? If Edwin Forrest was alive he would be a vaudeville. *Sam'l of Posen* has *Shylock* "backed off the boards." There is no trouble with either legitimate drama or good comedy. The people merely don't want either. What they do want is either "slap-stick" comedy or leg drama. They get it. Here and there an actor like Mansfield or an actress such as Mrs. Fiske can command audiences respectable both in numbers and intelligence. Otherwise the stages of the country are given over to "border" rag-time, down-east rag-time, sexual rot rag-time, and other varieties.

The vaudeville boards represent honestly the grade of intellect common in this country; no better, no worse. A countless round of sketch artists! Off with the old, on with the new. Perish the thought of sitting two hours listening to "The School for Scandal," "The Taming of the Shrew," or "Lear." Not for us. Give us "the Electric Three, Barnes and Duffy, the Midgets, Prof. Canine's trained dogs, Kiyi, the wonderful Jap, Snide and Pinchbeck in their acrobatic specialties, Hoo-Hoo, the marvelous magician, and the Cherry Sisters, concluding with the thrilling one-act drama of 'Toyed with and Ruined, or Was it an Oversight,' by the Rheinstein Dramatic troupe."

That's the kind of entertainment the American public of to-day clamors for, and that is the kind the syndicate ladles out to them. If they wanted something better, they wouldn't stand for the present style. Ergo, that is what they want. Ergo, that is what they get. Ergo, that is their mental level. There is nothing to be dreaded, however, from this. The theater, like the church, is passing through the rag-time cycle. Some day there will be a return to sanity and sanitation as to the stage. Some day, not now.

The press of the United States is badly afflicted with the prevailing rag-time craze. The editorial page is made up of a crazy-quilt melange of editorial, essay, "wit and humor," sketch, scandal, photographs, short stories, paragraphs, political news, etc.; and the arrangement of news is awkward in the placing and clumsy in the handling. Everything is done in a tearing hurry, and the result shows how such a system works.

The papers are prouder over "a scoop" than they would be over a series of first-class editorials; and the minds of the entire staff of writers, both editorial and reportorial, have a cigarettish, flashy cast that makes for shallowness and cant. The old-style reporters used to drink, gamble and run with "bad" women. The new-style reporter is eminently more respectable. That is one difference between the old and the new reporters. Another difference between them is that the old-style reporters could write.

The illustrated supplements of the Sunday papers out-rag anything in the Kingdom of Rag. They are written, undoubtedly, by degenerates and illustrated by "dope fiends." This is the only charitable conclusion. A mad maze of lurid color, interspersed with so-called wit to which even a *Punch* joke is a relief. It is not that these would-be humorists are innocent of wit, even if designing to be funny, but that they are never guilty of perpetrating a good thing even by mistake. Coarse as the pictures are, the text is even coarser, and has the added banality of being obviously inane.

"Literature," as it is called, is simply honeycombed with rag-time. To begin with, everybody is writing. All that is necessary nowadays is a pen and a bottle of ink. No genius, no talent, no experience, no preparation, is required, but the more ignorance and crudeness the better. A book as it is ordinarily turned out is much like a vaudeville "turn." Even the mechanical part of it is usually garish, and in

hideous taste. But the matter, Lord save us—the matter—that is either a reflection of "Snide and Pinchbeck" on the vaudeville stage, or the theological cake-walk of the modern minister.

The magazines "cake-walk" through the months with a hodge-podge of the weirdest stuff ever seen between covers, and business, commerce, and money are so mixed up with the magazines that nearly all the heroes and heroines are captains of industry or millionaire lady philanthropists. The poetry is about iron, lard, hides, battles, etc., and occasionally a Browningsque, and totally unmeaning stanza creeps in. The stories are about billionaires, millionaires, railroad building, stock-broking, cattle-feeding, hog-killing, coopering, ship-building and other industries.

Occasional "humorous" stuff is sandwiched in, and then the gloom thickens. For be it known, a surfeit of rag-time is the saddest of all things. Pictures, photographs, even rag-time music will be found in the magazines and periodicals. It is a jerky, Saint Vitus state the magazines have gotten into, each striving to out-Herod the other in the bizarre, the charlatanish, the catchy.

As for music—shades of the late Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Wagner, *et al.* But here I draw the veil.

From Romany to Rome

By Wallace Irwin

UPON the road to Romany
It's stay, friend, stay!
There's lots 'o love and lots 'o time
To linger on the way;
Poppies for the twilight,
Roses for the moon,
It's happy goes as lucky goes
To Romany in June.

But on the road to Rome—oh
It's march, man, march!
The dust is on the chariot wheels,
The sere is on the larch;
Helmets and javelins
And bridles flecked with foam—
The flowers are dead, the world's ahead
Upon the road to Rome.

But oh, the road to Rome—ah,
It's fight, man, fight!
Footman and horseman
Treading left and right,
Camp-fires and watch-fires
Ruddying the gloam—
The fields are gray and worn away
Along the road to Rome.

Upon the road to Romany
It's sing, boys, sing!
Tho rag and pack be on our back
We'll whistle at the King.
Wine is in the sunshine,
Madness in the moon,
And de'il may care the road we fare
To Romany in June.

Along the road to Rome, alas!
The glorious dust is whirled,
Strong hearts are fierce to see
The City of the World;
Yet footfall or bugle-call
Or thunder as ye will,
Upon the road to Romany
The birds are calling still!

—From Harper's Magazine.

"Turkeys in the Straw"

Salt Creek, Boone Co., Mo., Jan. 27, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

CONSIDERING your phylacteric quality of erudition, it has grieved a number of your admirers in this section of the brush to see you err so grievously in regard to that time-honored tune, "Turkeys in the Straw." You speak not only as if it were a banjo tune, but as if "Old Zip Coon" was a separate melody. "Turkeys in the Straw" is an ancient Irish reel accredited to a piper of the name of McFadden. "Old Zip Coon" is simply an American name for the same lilt. It is not a banjo tune, but eminently a fiddle tune. "Turkeys in the Straw," as played by "Old Hog-eye" Breckinridge, of Hickory Valley township, with the high bass, that is, with the "G" and "D" strings raised a quarter of a tone, is a classic. Both ex-Governor William J. Stone and Governor-elect Joseph W. Folk have heard old "Hog-eye," and to say that he had them hypnotized, is stating it mildly.

The enclosed poem is credited variously in this neck of the woods to both of these eminent gentlemen, but the odds are rather in favor of "Gum-shoe Bill." Both Stone's and Folk's windows at the hotel here showed a light until along towards morning after they had heard old "Hog-eye's" rendition of this master-piece, and excitement here as to which of them really wrote it is as intense as when the Col. Joyce-Ella Wheeler dispute about "Laugh and the World Laughs With You," was raging.

Which do you think wrote it? There is not the slightest doubt that it is the work of one of them. An opinion would greatly oblige a number of your ex-confederate readers.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE B. TOLLIVER.

P. S. The verses and the chorus of this poem follow the first and second parts of the tune.

TURKEYS IN THE STRAW.

Talk about your nightingales a-singing to the moon
Talk about your mocking-bird, a-reeling off a tune,
Talk about your thrushes or your birds of any claw
There never was the music like "Turkeys in the straw."

CHORUS.

"Turkeys in the straw," boys, "Turkeys in the straw,"
Fetch a piece of rosin, and give the bow a saw,
Drop your knitting Mammy, get the fiddle, Paw,
And we'll have a little session now of "Turkeys in the straw."

Clear away the kitchen, for we'll have a dance tonight,
Swing your partner gently and a-stepping mighty light,
Daddy in the corner with the fiddle to his jaw
Ev'rybody capering to "Turkeys in the straw."

REPEAT CHORUS.

Echoes in the rafters that are sweet and far away
Fainter than the music that the crickets try to play,
Little shreds of melody that fill your soul with awe
Angels now a-listening to "Turkeys in the straw."

REPEAT CHORUS.

Pigeon-wing and shuffle, and a-stomping on the floor;
Shingles all a-rattling, and the latches on the door,
Never any bed-time, nor a-picking any flaw:
Good to die a-dancing to "Turkeys in the straw."

REPEAT CHORUS.

"BLUE JAY" IS READING

Sonnets to a Wife

The noblest and best sustained sonnet-sequence ever produced in this country: nature poetry and love poetry, picturesque, reflective, tender, passionate, pure, holy and of exalted idealism.

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

With an appreciative foreword by the publisher, Mr. William Marion Reedy, and portrait of the author.

Bound in padded, dove-colored ooze, gilt top, title embossed in gold on front cover, enclosed in a neat box

\$1.50

Address . . . WILLIAM MARION REEDY

A Book to Woo the Sweetest She

THE MIRROR, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

Blue Jay's Chatter

Dearest Jenny:

MRS. HUDSON BRIDGE was down for a tea the other day—Mother went, as it was given for one of the new minister's wives, the St. Peter's Church one, I think, whose name is Garritt. Mrs. Bridge is so dumpling, don't you think so, my angel? Or, perhaps, you've forgotten, as you've been away so long—but I just dote on that sweet blonde hair, and her skin, Jane, is like chiffon velvet, it's so creamy and peachy. Real English kind, and maybe Hudson don't fork over for the clothes, though. My; the real lace and the hand-embroidered outfits that woman has—they just make me sick with jaundiced jealous feelin' way down in muh heart, every time I meet her out. I believe she has a terrible lot of money in her own right—was some rich Philadelphia girl before her marriage—but I'm forgetting about the tea—not that you care much, darling, for I know how you hate teas, but this was sorter fine, and all the way-ups put in an appearance, so I think you better give ear for a short spell. Mrs. Bridge is fearfully artistic—paints tapestry herself, so you may know that the floral decorations were up to the highest water-mark—all luscious pink roses and a few art nouveau classic evergreens scattered hither and yon, and the Louis Steenth drawing-room was a conswervatware, being so much on the horticult. Of a certain, Westmoreland place turned out noble and valiant. Florence Stribling was the cutest thing, in white gauze de chiffon, a la Valenciennes, you know how sweet that must have looked, and she so blonde and lovely—maybe W. C. don't get down on his marrow-bones every night and thank the good Lord that he got her when he did—for think of the others in that field, Jane, when Florence was a widder—and the daintiest on the line about that time—and tell you

who looked awfully well that afternoon, Felicia Calhoun—no relation of the Daves, I should think not, and don't you forget it, either—for Felicia was a Judson—Frederick N.'s onliest—and a very cul-chawed young lady—married to some scion of the old Charleston families—and I guess he is all right, too, he looks so, I'm sure. 'Course Mrs. Larry Mauran came tripping in, with her hair all waved and her mother, Mrs. Chapman, was there, too. Mrs. C. is dashing round very lively this winter—she and Mrs. Mauran have given several dinners, and they go about a good deal—I think it's just lovely the way the elderly women won't be put on the shelf—why, Mrs. Cayce, who is Mrs. Dan Nugent's mother, told me the other night at some recep. or other, that she hadn't sent regrets once this winter, night or day, and if that isn't a proud record for a sweet lady of her silvered locks, I'll be doggoned. Mrs. Cayce's bonnets are the cutest things—some French woman in Chicago makes 'em—and they carry enough point lace and silver and jeweled buckles and the real stuff, you know, to break any son-in-law but Dan. But Dan just dotes on his M. i. L., and don't you forget to mention it. Mrs. Simeon Ray showed up at the Bridge; no, it wasn't a whist, Jane, as I said before. Mrs. Ray is simply a James dandy—she has a son old enough to beau her around, and they are so devoted—I just love to see 'em together—and, of course, all the rest of the push crowded in—Mrs. "By" Nugent, covered with gorgeous clothes, and that slim aristocratic Mrs. Johnson, the one who built out next to the Mose Rumsey house—with such slathers of the coin—and a lot of daughters—you know, Johnson used to be in Simmons', and started making dead loads there, and then he got into some other awfully ground-floor propositions, so the boys say, and "just rolled it in, hand over fist, by George!" at least, that's what I heard—and now he clips coupons all the livelong day, by the sad sea waves and in the gentle spring time, and you can bet your Juliet

slippers that nobody works Father, either. The Johnson house out there, I think, is the best looking one of all that bunch—though Mrs. Joe Chambers has got a dandy over on Berlin—my stars, but there are a fine bunch of edifices—there, I've got that word out of my system for once, Jane—built in the West-end West End lately—the Chambers, and the Clint Whittemores, right across—you know Clint married a Haarstick, and they are just as happy as they can be, and it is all so lovely when you can build a perfect palace—and, by Jove! it is nearly perfect—before you even turn a gray hair, ain't it now!

You know, darling, the Haarsticks have always been so rich that they never knew what it was to go hungry or to need a new overcoat, and Billy, the bachelor, who was so fond of a good horse and the leading spurret at all our great big bluffs of Horse Shows, I don't mean this last one, but the others were, and you know it, too—Billy was the best fellow alive, and spent his money free, and everything going, and then he woke up—but I hear now that while he doesn't splurge any more, nor put on "side" nor nothin' objectionable like, he still has the spondulicks, and is the same good fellow. Next to the Whittemores, or right near 'em, the Claude Kennerlys built a residence. I asked Mrs. Thomas O'Reilly once, what she called her dwelling place, whether it was a house or a residence, and if so, what was the answer, and where were we at? And she just twinkled that left lovely gray orb—the one I hear, that the millionaire is so daffy about—and said, "An' sure an' O'Reilly wuddent live in anythin' but a mansion, now would I?" And who would blame her—don't you want your mansion here below, darling, especially if it's as good as the O'Reilly castle down on lower Washington, with the drawbridge always down and the latch string hanging way out, to say nothing of the lady behind the shutters.

Oh, shucks! I'm forgetting my Bridge tea list—lessee, Mrs. Henry Bond was there—Irene is rather

ST. LOUIS' GREATEST STORE.

The May Co.

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

See Daily Papers for the News of Our Great

Expansion Sale

a stylish girl, sort of graceful, and has a nice way—no top loftiness—and Mrs. Van Blarcom, getting the crushiest kind of gush about that big blow-out, which, darling, on the dead, was the finest ever in three States and seven territories—with Mrs. Ike Hedges, didn't I tell you last winter that Ike had made a pile out'n the Odeon, and I'm sure we all wish we was the same or thereabouts, and Mrs. Tom Niedringhaus, in gray, and Mrs. John Fowler, in some combination furs that are simply the duckiest things I ever saw—and the Fowlers haven't done a thing for the good of the social town this year, but you know they will. I guess they are waiting for Elise Kilpatrick's wedding, which is one of the spring events to be pulled off.

Who do you think is going to Congress, dearest, if he gets elected? Darling Harry Coudrey, now isn't that simply perfect? And won't it be simply too sweet for words to go down when he makes a speech and sit in the—what do they call that upper balcony where the sheep herd together, not the Rogues' Gallery, is it, darling? Well, anyhow, that's where you and I will sit—and I guess there are a few pretty and polite ladies—one or two of 'em widows, he likes that brand—who wouldn't object to going along when Harry pulls his six feet of handsomeness out'n a House chair and starts in to tell 'em how they do it out in ole Missouri. I kinder sense a great parliamentary career for Harry. He's the build and the brain, too.

Great lot of engagements on the South Side—Lily Schubert, the dear, is engaged to one of the Schlange boys—not husky Jack, but his cousin, Eugene, and Caroline Stock, Philip Stock's daughter, is going to marry Al. Rehbein, so I hear. Then Anna Koehler and some New York man are being "favorably mentioned. He has just been here, but one of the Nulsen girls who keeps me posted on Union Club news, couldn't learn his name—Tilly Prufrock has just given a coming-out ball, or maybe I'm wrong, and this was only a second year affair—anyhow, she is getting a fierce quantity of violets in the big seven-bunch lots lately, and wearing 'em right before our faces, and we all think what we would like to say about a certain young Deutcher in the club, and I hear similar tales of concentrated affection on the part of a Union Club young medico, and a West End sassiety girl—anear-debutante she is, too—but then, I never believe one-third what comes in when the girls cluster round for crocolates in the afternoon.

Bridge is worse than last winter, I do believe.

The women are mad about it, and I've cards for four bridges in the day and two at night this week. And if you don't go and play they vote you a boun-der. Wot's the French for that, Jane? My word! Ain't it silly, though, to spend time foolin' round with a lot of cards and makin' bad bets and more debts? But we're so good and kind, darling; we don't bet high, the stakes are always moderate at every place I've played lately, and at one house nothing over a cent was allowed.

Mrs. John W. Harrison gave the last whopper—hers was for nearly a hundred, and she opened the top floor ball room and had pink tables and pink cards and pink candles and pink clothes and pink cheeks—they came naturally—and the whole thing was the very pink of perfection. Ain't that real description, dearest? I tell you what, the real up-ty players turned out—You know the Harrison house is one of those venoone show places—when you're out "Seeing St. Louiee," the guide yells a whole lot o' lingo in front of their portal, and you're glad you seen it when it was new. Florence was in at the bridge—Florence is not this Mrs. Harrison's daughter, but they are devoted pals, just the same, and this week on Monday Florence up and gave a whist, too. Mamma let her do it, and I'm quite sure, Jane, that none of the chicken salad could be kept over from the Saturday blow-out, either, the weather is so mild, and so they had to have a fresh lot—awful extravagance, I call it. But wots the odds, when you're rich and Pa don't care. "Pa" Harrison don't, I can tell you, and he encourages the women folks on their entertaining ways a whole lot more'n most Pas these days.

Nothin' doin' in the country, Jane. And so your polite request for stamps and some Kirkwood bon mots don't make any showing whatsoever on the slate. I ceased to take any interest in that subub when the Blairs left their place and the tragedy was on. Nobody hears much about Mrs. Blair. About once in two months all winter somebody gets busy with a version, and entirely unverified piece of unveracity, that Mrs. Blair is going to marry either Henry T. Kent or else John H. Lee, and why they keep on doing it, spreading this incorrect piece of nonsense, is beyond my ken. Mrs. Blair, I'll be willing to wager any sum within reason, won't marry for a good many years, and then it won't be to any man whom we know, Jane, unless he lives in some other city, and I'll add at a venture, that said city won't be on this side of the Atlantic ocean. Nobody knows who lives in the old Blair house—Stan-

**Style
Fit
Quality**

SIGWALD
Ladies' Tailor and Importer

LINMAR BLDG.
Vandeventer and Washington Ave.
Exclusive Styles in Tailored and Lingerie Waists.

cote—some family from up country—and they are not well acquainted as yet—don't splurge any, either. The Bakewells have stayed out at their country house all during the cold weather, and gosh all pumpkins! but ain't it been hawful for the boys who go out there to call? With Marie, that stunning cameo sylph who got away with more foreign feelings during the Fair than any human female soul who went to those perfectly ducky receptions given by the Board of Lady Damagers, (Oh, Jane, I beg its pardon, what have I up and said, and all unbeknownst to my better self), what was I discoursin' concerning which, oh, yes, Marie—well, she is a tra la la, and no mistake, and Eugenia, whom they call "Ducky," or Jacky, or something short and sweet, and snappy like, is off the same piece—all silk and that much-desired smooth finish which the ladies can't seem to get enough of, Madam, and shall I send a bolt, or will you have it wrapped, and what is the address, please? There's one nice thing about Kirkwood, and all the other rural villages—the friendly interest which everybody takes in your goings and comings, and your gettings-in, especially late at night.

The maddest man out that way is a young blood who goes to all the club dances, and who's pretty much the whole shooting match where the girls are concerned. He's young, but he knows a few, and his family are leaders in the Presbyterian Church, and his name isn't much different from a member of the Roosevelt cabinet. One night lately he took his girl home from the Webster Club ball when the merry mazy round was o'er—they always stop short at twelve—and then feeling pretty gay and fine, he stepped aboard a car and rode into town, with two or three bosom pals. They didn't tarry long, but it was not far from daylight when they finally got back to the town where they was born—good old Kirkwood, and parted. Our nice beau was staying in his house all alone, for his people went to Florida or somewheres, the day before, and when he got to the front door and found he'd dropped his keys on the lane between St. Louis and Kirkwood, you may rather assume, and correctly, that he swore softly, and then again with crescendo and fortissimo. You



ELECTROLYSIS REVOLUTIONIZED

Our 5 needle method will save you over 100 per cent. **WE REMOVE 5 HAIRS PER MINUTE, 300 HAIRS PER HOUR.** This class of work can be had at my office only as we are the only people in the

city using five needles.

We are saving our patients money, and doing **FIVE TIMES MORE WORK PER HOUR** than any other office in the city. The work is better and much more satisfactory.

Our patients insist upon having the five needle method. We use one needle on light cases or when requested.

Operators of other cities are adopting our five needle machines as fast as we can furnish them.

ELECTROLYSIS IS INDEED REVOLUTIONIZED. It is no longer necessary to sit for hours and hours and pay out small fortunes to have superfluous hair removed.

WE do it quickly, permanently, and without pain or irritation. We guarantee satisfaction.

NO operator using only one needle can remove over 75 hairs per hour and do good work. We have tried it for 18 years.

THE same number of hairs we remove costing you \$10 would cost you \$25 elsewhere.

THIS IS NO NEW PRINCIPLE.

We only use more needles at the same time.

My treatment is exactly the same as it has been for 18 years, except you get five times more work and better results for your money.

SPECIAL LINE OF WORK.

Hairs on ladies' faces, hands, arms, neck, bust, eyebrows, and forehead; **MOLES, WARTS** and birthmarks; **NO PAIN, NO SCARS.** The hairs never return; this I always guarantee.

MISS S. N. HEROLD,
4271 Olive St.



Garland's

Garments for Spring

Are Coming to Us Daily

Detailed description now could only give a faint idea of the excellence of what our showings will be the coming season. We ask an early inspection of the garments already here. Many clever designs shown now will not be duplicated later.

Thomas W. Garland
409 N. BROADWAY
CLOAKS & FURS

know there isn't any all night hotel or White Horse Tavern in Kirkwood, and he was just about to start and turn in under a snow bank in the back yard when he thought of a cellar window. Now, Jane, there was nothing the matter with him at all, except he was good and mad, and he found the cellar window all right and began histin' it up, when right onto his defenseless neck rushed a whole cohort of neighbors, nasty, snoopin' neighbors, Jane, and they wouldn't take his word, and they just swelled around and flourished pop guns and behaved scandalous, darling, that's what they did, and when he said, all carelessly, "Why, I'm just getting home from the dance, don't you know, and Ha! ha! ain't it funny how you caught me trying to break into my own house, and I hope you see the joke." Ha! ha! again, and moreover, and the old dubs, Jane, just lined up so'emn and said, young man, don't get gay, and also, don't get us out of our warm beds again at this hour, and let this be a lesson to keep away from the checker-board forever and ever, amen—and then they dispersed, but with evident and obvious reluctance in their feet. And what can the poor chap do? He just rolls his eyes in his head and spits fire if you mention this little joke, so mind you tell no livin' soul, dearest, or there'll be no more Huy'er's for me, from that neck o' woods.

✱

And the Harrison I. Drummonds are going to have a home at Pasadena, Cal., twins and all. And Dan Taylor, the judge, is getting mistook every day or two for Dr. Ernst Saxl, the music maniac and oculist. And we're to have comic opera at the Petroleum Alps next summer, under the auspices of that gigantic Mac Garvie, who was the Pike press agent at the Fair. 'Gene Handlan will be in with it—as stage manager, boss of the chorus girls, etc. What a nicpic for Gene! And Stella Wade Scull'n, the new bride, has been arrested in her new auto in the county, with her mother. And the "Jamie" Arbuckle's Hispano-Caledonian, pretty daughter Clyde is to be married February 8 to Jack Munhall King, and that jolly genuine actor, Macklyn Arbuckle, will be at the weddink. And Bennie Greensfelder's going to marry Martha Kalter; he's the son of the popular county judge; she's the daughter of the big wool merchant, and a gorgeous fine woman, who they say in Jewish society, has been a great *schatchen* or match-maker, as for some years past she just married off the beaux, who called on her, to her sisters, and then proceeded to succumb herself. And in the musico-dramatic set, Mrs. Bob Strine is all the rage with her character story-telling stunt under the wing of tactful Margaret Ives. She's that rare thing, a woman humorist, and Mrs. Will Stanard and Mrs. Vandeventer Smith and Mary Pierson, are all daffy over her. She has McNair Ilgenfritz so fearful of his prestige in that set that he's like to bust his corset-cover.

All for to-day, dovey. Lovingly thine,
BLUE JAY.

P. D. Q.—Harriet Fowler and her devoted slave, for longer than tongue can tell—George Hellmuth—are announcing it.

Again—Grace Gale is hum. The Humann person is with her.

✱✱✱

Why Wall Street Wants Currency Expansion

WHILE call money in New York, the latter part of the year, commanded as much as one hundred per cent., the various big speculative pools operating in the stock market held up prices. This surprised a good many people, says the *Saturday Evening Post*. The stocks that are most extensively dealt in showed an average advance of



Effective February First,

The Missouri, Kansas & Texas Ry.

Will resume the daily through sleeping car service between St. Louis and the City of Mexico, which has heretofore been so popular with tourists to Old Mexico.

The sleeper will be handled on "The Flyer," and the route will be through San Antonio, Eagle Pass, Torreon, Zacatecas, Aguascalientes, Leon, Guanajuato, Irapuato and Tula, the points of greatest interest to travelers.

Low one-way and round-trip rates now in effect to Mexico.

For particulars, address

J. L. WILLIAMS,
City Passenger Agent, St. Louis.
520 Olive St. (Both Phones.)

**Miss Miller, Manicurist
HAS REMOVED TO
620 CENTURY BLDG.**

TUITION FREE For One Month DAY or NIGHT

If you clip this notice from *Mirror* and mail or present it within ten days to **DRAUGHON'S PRACTICAL BUSINESS COLLEGE**, 10th and Olive, St. Louis; tuition first month in any department will cost you nothing. Quit end of month if you desire, and owe nothing, or continue at usual rates. **NIGHT SCHOOL**, \$1 per month; day, \$10. Positions secured. Write or phone for catalogue.

Superfluous Hair,

Moles, Red Veins, Warts, Pigment Spots, Birthmarks, etc.
"PERMANENTLY REMOVED" With the Electric Needle.

MISS ALICE COOKE,
Electro-Dermatologist.

Room 17, Wells Bldg., Broadway and Olive. Entrance, 509 Olive

at \$20 a share over December, 1904, and about \$35 a share over March, 1904. Considerable was said of inflation and the dangers attendant thereon.

The volume of money in the United States was increased over eighty million dollars during 1905, and over two hundred million dollars in two years. The larger part of the increase, of course, was in national bank notes, the issue of which was greatly stimulated by the reduction of taxes on such circulation as is secured by the two per cent bonds. In December, Congress accepted the Administration's proposal that the new Panama Canal bonds, of which many millions will be issued the next five years, be put on a parity with the two per cents, in that national bank circulation secured by them will be taxed only half as much as circulation secured by other bonds. The provision is expected to make the bonds marketable to the banks at a low rate of interest—in which event there will be a further large expansion of circulation. This prospective expansion was one of the motives that induced the pools to hold up stock prices, for currency expansion nourishes speculation.

We are not sounding a note of alarm, but merely recording an interesting fact that might otherwise escape wide attention. In 1893 the public was officially informed that the reason it was broke was that statesmanship at Washington had made a calamitous error by inflating the currency with a lot of silver. When the silver coinage act was passed, people were thinking only about crops, the iron trade and the like. Whatever is done at Washington that affects the currency may be as important a factor in business as any other. The present Treasury administration has bent every effort to expand the currency. Let us hope it has acted wisely—but not overlook the fact.

The Tryst at the Cedar

By Percy Vincent Donovan

NIGHT fell on the plain, and over the wooded foothills and the bare heights beyond them, right up to the distant mountain tops. There the lingering afterglow of sunset colored the stark whiteness of the snow with the living rose of a woman's breast. Then gradually those rounded summits grew cold and pale as death, and vanished into complete darkness. A breeze blew from the hills, rustling the corn on the plain, and swayed the flames of torches and camp fires, making them smoke mightily in the great host of Mahmud of Ghazni.

The army lay encamped in triumphant and self-conscious strength, so secure that they could afford to revel in the firelight with boisterous laughter, and gorge themselves with conquest. They were all as gods upon the earth, as avenging angels of Allah among these idolatrous Hindus, whose manhood they despised, whose womanhood they subjected to their lust, in anticipation of the hour of paradise. The roar of their revelling was heard far over the plain, and the country folk trembled, cowering in their huts.

But silence and a dark space well-guarded surrounded the tents of Mahmud's harem, which glimmered faintly with its pavilions among the tree trunks of a grove.

It was not difficult, however, for Zoraid, Mahmud's favorite, to escape now and then, past the sentries, and meet her lover, Feroz, captain of the guard. She had a whole pavilion to herself, and the chamberlains, more afraid of her instant displeasures than of risking the king's wrath, closed their eyes to her vagaries. Besides, Mahmud, believing that she loved him, trusted her, and would probably have forgiven what he would have considered, so long as he suspected nothing further, as no more than a natural childish revolt against her perpetual imprisonment. Zoraid was only sixteen years old. She had been

one of a number of girls ravished by the army from a Himalayan village; but by reason of her superior beauty, she had risen above their common fate.

The king delighted in her rose-white skin, which resembled the flush of the peaks at evening; and in her eyes, which were like pools of dark blue water in hollows of the sun-kissed snow.

This night, according to custom, she found Feroz beyond the camp, awaiting her under a solitary cedar, that with its majestic trunk and lofty foliage, would more worthily have served to shelter the meditations of Gautama Buddha than the loves that have need of darkness to cover them.

"Feroz!"

Calling the name softly at the sight of him, Zoraid removed the veil from her face and head. Diamonds adorning her brown hair, were just visible in the dusk. Her body was wrapped in a thick mantle, for the nights were cool.

Feroz took her in his arms; and somehow she could feel that he was angry. She gazed up into his face, and beheld something that made her tremble.

Then he spoke:

"Thou hast come to bid me farewell?"

"I am come to welcome thee to my love, nay, to our love. Feroz, what dost thou mean?"

He held her at arms' length. Between the opening folds of her mantle he could see the close fitting garment of embroidered linen that covered and revealed rather than concealed her beauty, and left her throat bare. Wrath turned to desire at the sight and the perfume of her.

He drew her to him and kissed her throat and her mouth; while she laughed softly at his weakness, and whispered:

"Is this farewell?"

Mockery in her eyes, which for him held more meaning than she knew, brought back his anger and rekindled it. He flung her from him, so that she staggered back against the cedar; and her cloak fell open, its darkness melting into the darkness of the



SWELL THINGS.

Lest We Forget

WE USE CAMP JACKSON
SPRING WATER.

Dinks L. Parrish's Laundry,

(CORPORATION.)

3126 and 3128 OLIVE STREET.

NOT IN A TRUST.

The Slowest Laundry

WHY we have NO AGENTS is because the most linen brought to AGENTS is so DIRTY that we would not handle them with such garments as we launder. We only take work from private individuals who live at their homes or in hotels or clubs. Such linen is NEVER dirty, but slightly soiled or mussed. AGENCY linen is usually worn by people who must make two or three garments last them a whole week. The SLOWNESS of our laundry makes it not useful for any one who has not linen enough to last more than a WEEK.

tree trunk, against which her dainty form showed slim and white, like the shape of a ghost, while her sandals and the golden bands about her delicate ankles clattered against the thick, rough tendrils that stretched from the trunk round about, like the feet of the tree thrusting themselves into the ground.

"Feroz, what have I done?" She drew the cloak about her piteously, while her lover clenched his hands.

"If I were to kill thee," he said, "truly I should merit the king's gratitude, even though I should surely be slain also. But I cannot kill thee. I love thee so. Allah be merciful to me, I love thee who canst neither understand love, nor be true to me."

Zoraid, sobbing, asked again:

"Feroz, what have I done?"

"Thou hast done nothing," he answered, "except to take all my devotion, all my happiness, all my love, all my soul, and give me nothing in return. Thou dost not love me. Thou dost not love any man, or anything at all, but only thyself."

Zoraid stood up straight, and confronted him.

"Have I not at least given thee my honor?"

"Thy honor," he laughed furiously. "Thy honor! Thou never hadst such a thing. And thy body—that belongs as much to Mahmud as to me."

"That is the will of Allah. I am but a slave," she said; and he:

"Therefore love between us is not of the flesh. And so I set at naught the torture of jealousy, believing that thou couldst comprehend and share that higher love which is not to be guarded in pavilions. I thought that so we might defy our fate, and find happiness in our secret knowledge of each other. And so, although the king should possess thee, he should not share thy love."

"And does he share it?" Zoraid asked.

"But yesterday," said Feroz, "and not for the first time, I saw thine eyes turned upon him with that glance which it seems thou canst command at will. How often have I seen thee look thus at me; how

often have I believed thy love lay in that look? And he also believes. But now I am sure thou hast no sense of love at all, but only delightest in playing with men. And surely thou wilt not be content with two men only."

"Thy thoughts are too high for me," she spoke in a dull voice. "I cannot answer it. Only I know that I love thee, and that Allah is merciful, for surely he has inspired the king to treat me better than the rest."

"I cannot bear thy lowness of heart any longer," said Feroz, "and my love is greater than I can bear alone. All this while, all these nights of our meeting, I have felt, little by little, in all thy words and gestures, thine unworthiness. It may be that thou art still so young, or that madness is upon me. Surely I am oppressed with that which I cannot utter. I love thee, and I know that thou canst not understand. Oh, why, if thou lovest me, didst thou refuse to come away with me when we might have escaped without fear, away among the high hills where none could follow us?"

"Must then my love be less?" answered Zoraid, "because I am weak, and feared the king?"

"Surely that is no love," said he, "which is weaker than fear."

She faced him quickly.

"Then why didst thou pretend that thou couldst love me on such conditions? Why didst thou not leave me then?"

He bowed his head at that. There was silence for a space. Then he spoke:

"I have borne our folly, and now I can bear it no more. Listen, I will tell thee what I have done. And then, if thou wilt come away with me, before the avengers find us, there is yet time for escape.—I shall know that thou truly lovest me after all."

She clung about him at that word.

"The avengers," she whispered, gasping. "What avengers, what hast thou done?"

"I have ordered one of my slaves to betray us both to Mahmud, that he might find us here, and take and slay us both; and give us peace together."

"Oh, why didst thou not kill me and thyself, with thine own sword?" she moaned.

"Because there is yet time. It was in my thought to find thee out, in telling thee this. Now, hasten and come with me."

Zoraid grew suddenly pale, but not with fear. Steadily she gazed at him, and slowly said:

"Thou liar! Thou hast not done this thing. What is this now, but a trick, and by the Prophet, a poor trick to make me go with thee? I will not be tricked and compelled so by any man. Hath Mahmud even forced me to do anything against my will? Nay, but my face is the star that wiles him. And shalt thou force me to my ruin and thine own?"

At that mention of Mahmud, madness overcame Feroz, and snarling like a wild beast, he struck at her. The blow missed, for she leapt aside quickly, and Feroz staggered against the cedar, while Zoraid laughed at the impotence of his rage.

"Feroz!" The voice of Mahmud, soft as a tiger's paw, came from the tree above them. Zoraid screamed in her terror and sank to the ground.

"Feroz and Zoraid, I have heard and seen. When the slave betrayed you I had him strangled; for surely I would not that our shame should be noised abroad; not even falsely, if he spoke false. But now I have seen that it was true. Then I climbed up here, where I sit now, among the branches, to see and to hear you. It is well. Nay, fear not. Our shame shall never be known."

He paused. There was a slight sound of motion high up among the branches. Zoraid lay still on the ground, sobbing. Feroz stood dumb.

Then, in the waiting silence, Mahmud dropped sheer down nigh thirty feet, straight upon Feroz, who crashed to the earth under him.

Zoraid shrieked with the agony of the sight, with the terror of the sudden vengeance. Then she threw up her hands and lay still.

The king arose unhurt from the captain's body that was stretched out with neck and back broken. Half his vengeance was complete. Mahmud turned to Zoraid and touched her with his foot, once, and then again, quite gently. She trembled, and seemed to shrink into a heap.

"Rise," commanded the king, and she obeyed.

De Flagello Myrteo

173.

THERE is a distinction between Love's sweet thoughts and his dear thoughts: the sweet thought may remain unuttered, but the dear thought must have been shared with another.

174.

The thoughts of Love are like his caresses: the better half of the pleasure is the imparting of them.

175.

Nothing burdens like an unshared secret between Love and Love.

176.

The sweetest thoughts of Love are his boldest and his timidest.

177.

It is well if Love displease not when he speaks with the voice of Reason; but how Reason charms when he speaks with the voice of Love!

178.

"Sense and Reason, those enchanters fair," sought each with his own wand to call up Love. Sense raised him, but he would not stay. Reason would doubtless have kept him, could he but have raised him. But Love both came and stayed when Reason summoned him with the wand of Sense, and Sense cited him with the wand of Reason.

179.

The cup of Love is never void or full.

180.

At Love's high feasts there are two cups; one never can be drained, and the other replenishes itself.

181.

Love's choicest fruit, his garden's golden prize, Screened in his scrip neath covering myrtle lies, Nor will he give it forth until he see Thee ripe for it as it is ripe for thee.

182.

While the Tree of knowledge, big with the destiny of mankind, was growing up in Eden, the little birds sang and flitted about it like any other tree. So lovers pursue their delights at the bidding of Love, nor dream that they are wreathing flowers around the axis of the universe.

183.

Love is immanent in Nature, but not incarnate.

184.

Love's arms enfold Nature, and Nature's heart enfolds Love.

185.

Love is not Nature's soul but her guest, in whose presence she delights, and for whom she is ever adorning her habitation.

186.

She hath already transformed all things for the better, except Love.

187.

Mourn thine unworth, yet undismayed rely On Love to smooth what Nature set awry.

188.

Nature needeth not that any should teach her wisdom; but whatever is above and beyond Wisdom she must learn of Love.

189.

As an authoress Nature is open to criticism, for her Book hath neither beginning, middle, nor end.

THE ROYCROFTERS

Makers of De Luxe
Books and Things
East Aurora, N. Y.

For a Week or Two or Three there may be seen for the asking a display of Roycroft Books and Things at the shop of Skinner & Kennedy which is at 312 North Broadway—across from the dry goods store.

Some of the Choicest examples of Hand Tooled Bindings that have come from our shops are in this display.

Little Journeys—we have several of them, too. There is a man in East Aurora who is interesting—he can't be anything else but interesting to some folks, I guess. He can reel off philosophy by chapters and still be interesting, but when he gossips he is thrilling. As for an individual who has done something about which a book should be written—he is *the man to write that book*. Socrates never wrote anything because Fate had decreed that Socrates was a man who required a perspective. About 2,500 years will do, she said. Then Elbert Hubbard took a little journey to the home of Socrates and the book of Socrates was ready. In case you should want a complete set of Little Journeys, bear in mind that Roycroft editions are limited and *we only have a very few complete sets of Little Journeys left*.

We invite you all to come and see this display while we have it here. No Obligation to Purchase, All Goods Guaranteed as Represented, Money Back if You Want It, Special Hour Sales Every Morning, Etc., Etc., Etc. We have the Law of Love in a beautiful edition at \$2.00.

As a missionary move a \$2.00 book, Little Journeys and The Philistine, each for one year, all for \$2.

Opened Monday, January 22nd; will close sometime.

MUSICAL

Music

Claire Norden

Pianist and Teacher

LESCHETIZKY METHOD.

Studio 41 Music Arts Building

MISS MAHAN

VOCAL CULTURE

Lindell 2350

Delmar 1797

Studio—Odeon

Schoen's
Orchestra

House Phones: Delmar 864; Forest 4129.

OFFICE AT
MUSIC ARTS
BUILDING,
BOYLE AND
OLIVE.

Madame Runge Jancke

VOICE

OLD ITALIAN VOICE PLACING
MUSIC ARTS BUILDING—STUDIO 48
Boyle and Olive

HUGHEY MUSIC SCHOOL

MRS. F. E. HUGHEY,
Director.MRS. J. A. GERHARD,
Voice Culture.

ROOM 49

MUSIC ARTS BUILDING

S. W. Cor. Boyle and Olive Streets.

MISS ELLA L. FUCHS

DRAMATIC SOPRANO

STUDIO OF VOCAL AND PIANO
2148 Oregon Avenue

TYRIE W. LYON

Pianist and Teacher

Resident Studio, 4728 Cook Ave

Phone—Bell Forest 4166.

Mrs. E. W. Leland's

Piano School

3711 OLIVE STREET,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

R. P. STRINE

BARITONE

TEACHER
OF VOICEManager Musical Artists and Concerts
Talent Furnished For All Occasions

Phones—Lindell 2631

Delmar 2879

OFFICE AND STUDIO

1000 N. GRAND AVE.

HERBERT C. CHIVERS
ARCHITECT

HIGH-CLASS WORK

319-320-321 WAINWRIGHT BUILDING
KINLOCK A. 750

The Grand

Wm. Schaefer
Proprietor

N. W. Corner 6th and Pine Streets,

Finest Bar and Billiard
Hall in the WestSTRICTLY MODERN AND FIRST-CLASS
IN EVERY RESPECT.

"An Evening With Mozart."

Miss Alice Pettingill presented an interesting and rarely beautiful programme of compositions by Mozart to her guests at the "Musical Art" Building on Saturday evening.

The "Jupiter" Symphony arranged as a piano quartette, was played by the Misses Wertheimer, MacDonald, Langenberg and Chamberlain; the sonata in C major, which followed, was given with the Grieg accompaniment, played on a second piano by Miss Pettingill. The G major and C minor sonatas were also given the enriching accompaniment that Grieg devised.

Mr. William J. Hall sang "The Dream," and an aria from "The Marriage of Figaro." The lovely "Lullaby" was added by request. Mr. Hall's remarkably clear enunciation and musicianly phrasing accentuated the grace and serene beauty of the composition. An interesting Trio for piano, violin and violoncello closed the programme.

The Sunday "Pops."

The permanence of the Sunday "Pop" seems assured. An enormous crowd attended the third concert, and unbounded enthusiasm prevailed. Mrs. A. I. Epstein was the soloist, and this brilliant singer has never been heard to better advantage than on this occasion. Mrs. Epstein sang with much spirit and dash. Chaminade's "Summer," a composition that served to display the remarkable flexibility of this soprano's rich, powerful voice. A group of songs evidenced versatility, musicianship, and good taste. Mr. Epstein's accompaniments are impeccable.

The orchestral numbers were carefully chosen and well interpreted.

Kubelik

Kubelik, the great violinist, will appear at the Odeon on the evening of February 9 next. A generous programme has been arranged for the occasion. Tickets have been on sale for two weeks and a large audience is expected to greet the talented foreigner.

De Luxe His Specialty

Everybody is wondering at this new thing, this "de luxe." Wondering what it means, if it's a disease, and what are the symptoms. Where it begins, where it ends, if it's real or only an imitation. De luxe is everywhere. It first broke out in the books. Whole editions were stamped with it, and now we have found such things as de luxe furniture, de luxe bread and next perhaps de luxe babies. Even the girls are strong on de luxe nowadays. De luxe is everywhere, but out in this section of the woods there is only one person who is master of the real article, and can furnish an excellent illustration of the meaning of this new and latest public puzzle. Mr. D. J. Price, General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the International and Great Northern, with headquarters at Palestine, Texas, is that

man. De luxe is Mr. Price's specialty. The special train service he has established between St. Louis, San Antonio, beautiful and old, and historic Mexico City is de luxe service. There's one train, "The Mexico-St. Louis Special" that leaves here each Tuesday and Friday at 9 a. m. that embodies all the arts and ideas of transportation, sufficient to earn the title de luxe. It is a high class limited train, and consists of dining car, Pullman drawing room, compartment, library and observation sleepers. One night and you are in San Antonio; two nights and you are in Mexico City. It runs by the Iron Mountain, the International & Great Northern and Mexican National lines, over what is known as the Laredo Route, the most beautiful scenically of any of the routes to Mexico. Besides this regular service there are daily buffet sleeper cars over the same route leaving St. Louis at 8:20 p. m. If this isn't de luxe there is some mistake as to the meaning of the expression. Nothing more desirable in traveling utilities or facilities could be offered for this exceptionally pleasant trip out of the maw of winter, into the arms of perennial spring. Healthy ones as well as invalids delight in it. So should you.

When a ruined gambler kills himself at Monte Carlo, the employees of the Casino, to avoid a scandal, fill his pockets with gold and bank-notes. Thus the real cause of his suicide does not appear. A Yankee came to Monte Carlo with about one hundred dollars in five-franc pieces. He lost the money slowly and painfully, and late that night, in a black corner of the gardens, he fired a revolver, and, with a loud groan, fell full length on the grass. Instantly three or four dark, silent figures rushed up, filled his pockets with money, and left him there to be discovered in the morning by the police. But long before morning the enterprising Yankee, his pockets distended with gold, had shaken the dust of Monte Carlo from his feet.

Visiting Philanthropist—"Good-morning, madam: I am collecting for the Drunkards' Home." Mrs. McGuire—"Shure, I'm glad of it, sor—if ye come round to-night yez can take my husband."—Harper's Weekly.

NOTICE—G. Giuseffi L. T. Co., now at 3529 Olive street, will remove May 1st, to their own building, 3900 Westminster Place.



RESTAURANT

Music by Vogel's Orchestra every evening.

Chemical Building, 8th and Olive Sts

Largest

AND

Handsomest
IN ST. LOUIS

Three Large, Separate Dining Rooms and several Smaller Rooms for Private Dinner Parties.

SPECIAL AFTER
THEATER SERVICE.MUSIC FROM NOON
TO MIDNIGHT.

LAUGHLIN CATERING CO.

N. D. LAUGHLIN, MANAGER,
FORMERLY OF MISSOURI ATHLETIC CLUB.

N. E. COR. 7TH AND LOCUST STS.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

The West End
Hotel Cafe

Vandeventer Ave.

OPPOSITE

Vandeventer Place.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS

OPEN

January 1st, 1906

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Restaurant.
Unsurpassable in Cuisine and Service.
Choicest Imported Wines and Cigars.
Finest Imported and Domestic Beers
on Draught.

Open 8 A. M. to One O'Clock at Night.

Zeller Bros. CATERING
COMPANYEstimates Furnished for
Weddings, Banquets, etc.

Ice Cream and Fruit Ices a Specialty

Telephone Connections.

4701-4703 McPHERSON AVE.



THE
WINTER RESORTS
OF
TEXAS, MEXICO & CALIFORNIA
BEST REACHED VIA THE
IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE
DINING CARS. MEALS
A LA CARTE.

CHARLES S. CLARKE, Vice-President, A. W. SULLIVAN, General Manager,
A. C. BIRD, Vice-President, H. C. TOWNSEND, Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Mexico—St. Louis Special

Leaves St. Louis 9.00 a. m. Tuesdays and Fridays
Arrives Sundays and Thursdays 8.30 p. m.

City Ticket Office, 6th and Olive.

Reprinted by Request.

BLANCHELEYS.

BY VICTOR J. DALEY.

With little hands all filled with bloom,
The rose-tree wakes from her long
trance;

And from my heart, as from a tomb,
Steals forth the ghost of dead Ro-
mance.

I know not whether wave or clay,
Or living lips your sweet lips kiss;
But you are mine alone to-day,
As in the old days, Blancheleys!

Yea, you are mine to clasp and hold,
In your young loveliness aglow,
As in the time of rose-and-gold
That faded, long and long ago.

Upon the moonlit balcony
We stand once more in silvered
shade;

The perfume of the red rose-tree
Floats upward like a serenade:

A faery music, faint and fine,
A scented song, a tender tune;
It is the melody divine
That lovers hear beneath the moon.

The air is full of incense spilled
From censers of the seraphim,
The Chalice of the Night is filled
With Wine of Magic to the brim.

Your heart is trembling, like a dove
New-caught, within your breast—as
though,
With struggling pinions, rosy Love

Were prisoned in a drift of snow.

Beyond us lies the purple sea;
Your red geranium-mouth I kiss . . .
Alas, alas, that ever we
Beheld the morning, Blancheleys!

That night of nights I held—and
thrilled
With rapture that was close to pain—
The Cup of Love that once is filled,
And nevermore is filled again.

Whoso the Wine of Passion sips,
At him the gods have ever laughed;
The Cup of Love was at my lips—
Would I had drained it at a draught!

There is a Death more sad than Death
That comes to every mortal born,
And takes away the panting breath—
The Death that leaves the heart for-
lorn.

The banner of my hope is furled;
For fame or name I care no more;
The world is still a goodly world,
But not the world I knew of yore.

Then Beauty trembled in the air,
And burned and sparkled in the sea,
And common things seemed rich and
rare,
And Love turned Life to Ecstasy.

The Fates have neither ruth nor grace
For weak or strong, for low or high;
The dust of dead worlds blows through
space—
And dust, and less than dust, am I.

The dead men sleeping on the hill
That overlooks the ocean gray,
They lived their lives, and now are
still;
Would I could sleep as sound as they.

I walked with fair Philosophy,
Whose eyes are like two holy wells,
In gardens where the Attic bee
Makes honey from the asphodels.

Her speech was slow and silver-clear,
A river flowing full and deep,
She said that Love, divine and dear,
Was but a dream of fevered sleep.

But Memory, with tender sighs,
Breathed softly in the myrtle blooms;
And Passion with her glowing eyes
Stared at me from the pine-tree
glooms.

All ballads of true lovers sung,
All stories of true lovers told,
Bring back the days when I was
young—
The vanished days of rose-and-gold.

And, in the falling of the year,
Dead leaves beneath the poplar tree,
Like old love-letters, worn and sere,
Their mournful stories tell to me.

I sat me down on many a night
When gilded lamps like moons did
shine,
And cheeks were flushed, and eyes were
bright,
To drown my thoughts in crimson
wine.

In vain: there never grew the grape,
On Greek or Lusitanian shore,
Whose juice can help us to escape
The thought of days that are no more.

In visions of the night I take
Your heart to my heart, lover-wise;
And, in the morning, I awake
With empty hands and burning eyes.

Life yet within me pulses strong,
And in my veins the blood runs red,
But O, dear God! the days are long,
And all the world to me is dead.

I had a dream of wringing hands,
And tear-wet eyes, and faces wan,
And heard a cry from all the lands—
"O where have our Beloved gone?"

Of all that once to me you were
In years of yore, I hold but this—
A silken tress of tawny hair;
Come back, come back, O Blanche-
leys!

Mobile and Ohio trains to Riley leave
Union station, 1:01, 1:45, 2:50 p. m.;
leave Washington avenue, 1:09, 1:53,
2:58 p. m.; leave East St. Louis Relay
depot, 1:19, 2:03, 3:08 p. m. Returning,
leave Riley, Ill., 1:55, 4:55, 7:10 p. m.

Lawyer—Were you present when the
trouble began between the prisoner and
his wife?

Witness—Yes sir. It was two years
ago.

Lawyer—What happened then?

Witness—I attended their wedding.

Art in St. Louis

INFORMATION.

St. Louis, Jan. 25, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I am very much interested in the correspondence about art in St. Louis. Please tell me who or what is the "Guild?" Who are its officers? What qualities are requisite for membership? Where are the Guild rooms? Are they open to public inspection?

Won't you kindly answer in the MIRROR?

Very truly,

Mrs. A. E. C.

DAWSON WATSON AGAIN.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, the cry is still they come," and they come fairly thick! I return your compliment, oh, scribe! you also write well, but as before you are "off your trolley"! Last week there was a new society formed, of which St. Louis will hear at an early date, and again I say that the dealer and the artist are hand in hand. Mr. Arthur Kocian was invited to come to the second meeting of the new society to say just what he pleased about all or any of the artists, and what he was going to do for them, and he said it and is going to do it, and every thought he gave voice to was for the ultimate and even immediate benefit of the St. Louis artists, one of whom I am now which! In answer to the question, "What dealer belongs to the Guild?" I can only say that Mr. Noonan was a member of it at the time of his death, and a greatly admired and revered one. The water colorist mentioned asked a member of the Guild to propose him, and he did, and he was elected. He is still a member and there was no ugly fight made upon him, and that is all there is to that, but on the other hand, hasn't every society the right to make its own rules and regulations, and devise ways and means which will tend to make it an harmonious association and stick to them whether the majority of outsiders approve of them or not? Yes, it is a fact that a picture by Gustave Wolff was purchased by a Guild member at Noonan & Kocian's, after it had been seen on the walls of the Guild, whether that particular member saw it or not rests between him and the picture. The light at the Guild is artificial at all times and under such conditions the majority of pictures are seen at a disadvantage and I haven't the slightest doubt that my fellow "Guilder" got perhaps only a casual glance at it on one of the Guild "nights" if he got one at all. Anyone who has been at one of these will tell you that there is so much humorous tilting and badinage, it is all one can do to eat one's supper, and if on the other hand, the soft and persuasive tongue of Mr. Kocian did influence the gentleman why so much the better for the purchaser and the artist.

As to price, the members of the Guild do not ask one price at their rooms and another at the dealers'. If they did no dealer would even attempt to sell one of their pictures. Of course it's the dealers business to sell pictures or there wouldn't be any dealers; a mere babe knows that.

The rigid sense of fairness is the one which exists in all art associations and exhibitions and no good will ever be done without it. No suspicion attaches to any one if a Guild member sells a picture, his fellows are only too jolly glad to hear it. The dealers don't knock the Guild and the latter returns the compliment. A very little good business sense is poison to the art sense. Go the world over and look at the pictures of men who are making money by painting and in most cases the commercial sense

shows. It is not fair to say S. for the P. of St. L. A. only buys Guild pictures, because it has happened to buy from men who are its members, and the Guild, as such, does not pass upon the pictures first and will never be asked to do so. Elbert Hubbard came here for a certain purpose, and it was successful and justified his coming. There is no occasion to couple art with his name in this instance. Jealousy, I still contend, does not exist among the St. Louis painters. You can write out a whole list of nicknames, but it would not imply jealousy, the "Purple Wuerpel" was a kind of a joke on Mr. Wuerpel's name, made at a Guild dinner, in a very complimentary little speech to its members by the late Mr. Ashby. The artists have met at all possible times, places, in twos, threes and bunches, and I have yet to hear them say a hard word except in good, straightforward criticism of each other's work, a privilege which every artist is entitled to and which anyone of them would repeat to the artist himself. I can give you one instance, and a strong one, as an argument against any feeling of jealousy, which happened in New York, at the Society of American Artists year before last (and it would be the same in St. Louis under the same conditions), when a number of the men who composed the jury withdrew their own pictures to give those by other men a show. There have been many men in the sign painting business and I fancy they are rather proud of the fact, and rightly, seeing what good painters they became, no stones can be thrown at such men any more than at the boys and girls who work in restaurants or do any old thing which will help them to achieve their ultimate end.

Allow me to say that there is only one, certainly not more than two painters in St. Louis, who make a living by painting, but the time is coming when they will; but even then there will always be some in the sign painting business. Here's to them!

It is an excellent thing to stir people up and keep them stirred up, but what the artist needs is that repose and uninterrupted thought which is so conducive to the production of good work. Stir up the people and make them go to the dealers, to all the picture exhibitions; make them become members of the S. for the P. of St. L. A., let 'em buy and leave the artist to do his work and portray the beautiful in the sanctity of his studio, or better still, under God's blue sky!

DAWSON-WATSON.

MORE ABOUT ART IN ST. LOUIS.

January 26, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

In your issue of the 25th January—"One Who Buys Pictures" tacitly admits his previous letter was a mass of misrepresentations—not to use a harsher term—and yet he is not abashed when making this confession in your columns.

It is not surprising that he indulges in further misleading statements.

The reason that purchases made by the Society for the Promotion of St. Louis Art up to the present time, are productions of Guild members is this: the only public exhibitions since the organization of the society were those of the Guild and of the Western Artists. The last two pictures purchased, a Sylvester and a Wolff, were selected by the direct ballots of members present—artists not being permitted to vote.

Whenever a collection of the work of other local artists is displayed, it will receive the same consideration as that which has been given the work of Guild members.

The policy of the Society has been, and I hope it will so continue, to bring



Permit us to invite you

to enjoy a share in the extra satisfaction we are giving the patrons who send their laundry work to us. If you wish the kind of laundry work that will give you real satisfaction, send your package to us. Our wagon will call anywhere in the city.

WESTMINSTER LAUNDRY CO.

4115-4117 OLIVE STREET.

PHONES:

Bell—Lindell 211.

Kinloch—Delmar 2065.

The Kenilworth

MRS. R. A. KENDALL.

Handsomely furnished apartments, single and en suite. First-class service.

Table which is unsurpassed. Phone, Lindell, 2436.

4137 LINDELL BLVD.

Noonan-Kocian Co.,

617 Locust Street.

DEALERS

... IN ...

WORKS OF ART

Special Exhibition of Modern Paintings.

FACIAL

AND SCALP TREATMENTS

613 PINE ST.

ROOM 15.

MISS NILA PAINE

our local Artists in social contact with lay residents.

It is believed Art interests will be fostered if these two elements of our population become better acquainted.

Whether Elbert Hubbard knows anything of, or does ought to encourage, Art is a matter of individual opinion. But for the moment, I will admit he has nothing "the deuce to do with art," yet your correspondent again fails to see the main point.

The first meeting—the "Latin Quarter Dinner"—to which members and their friends were invited to meet the artists, was attended by fully 225 persons; the second, at which Elbert Hubbard delivered an address, by over 400. As a result of these two functions about forty active members were added to the society's list. This justified the policy pursued, for what we want is members.

Furthermore, Elbert Hubbard was one of the very first to respond to the writer's request to assist in founding the Society for the Promotion of St. Louis Art, and immediately remitted ten dollars to cover a year's dues. As the most famous member of the society, there was a very good reason, it seems to me, for inviting him to address his fellow members.

Let "One Who Buys Pictures" suggest the name of some speaker who knows about Art, and can attract an audience of 500 to 1000 of our representative residents—and whose services can be secured at a moderate expense—I am quite confident the society would effect an engagement promptly. An opportunity to present the society's claims to such an audience would be welcomed.

The officers and members of the Guild do not need me to defend them, so I will not refer to criticisms of that organ-

ization. All "knocks" are "boosts," but it would be commendable if your correspondent used his more than ordinary abilities as a writer for the betterment of local art conditions and interests by working for this society in a direct manner, thus becoming a positive force for good instead of a negative influence only.

LEWIS GODLOVE,

President, Society for the Promotion of St. Louis Art.

WANTS TO HEAR FROM THE GUILD.

St. Louis January 27, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

As one who loves paintings and regrets he cannot call himself "one who buys pictures," I would be pleased to know how the officers of the Artists' Guild regard the criticisms of their association, which have recently appeared in the MIRROR. I am somewhat disappointed that the chairman of the Guild (I believe the sculptor Mr. Zolnay holds that position) does not give an expression officially on this subject.

The points made by "one who buys pictures" are certainly worthy of notice and it looks like an admission of their truth when they are permitted to pass unnoticed. I have observed that the MIRROR has always been very considerate of the Guild and am sure you would cheerfully give space to a rejoinder from its officers. We have heard the Promotion of Art Society's side and would be glad to hear what the Guild has to say.

AN ART LOVER.

[The MIRROR cannot afford further space to this controversy.—EDITOR MIRROR.]

.. OLYMPIC ..

THIS WEEK
Little Johnny Jones
Play and Music by
Geo. M. Cohan.

NEXT WEEK
Chas. Frohman
Presents
Edna May
IN
"THE CATCH OF THE SEASON"

CENTURY

THIS WEEK
ANDREW MACK
Presenting HIS Great Success,
THE WAY TO KEN-MARE.

NEXT WEEK
Klaw & Erlanger's
Laughing Trust, Mc-INTYRE & HEATH
IN the Musical Novelty
"The Ham Tree"
Seats Thursday.

GARRICK

Heart of Maryland

Week of Sunday, Feb. 4.

The Eminent Comedian **Arnold Daly** in
YOU NEVER CAN TELL

IMPERIAL Temptation Prices 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c
Matinee Every Week Day, 25c.

The Woman IN THE Case
Next Sunday Matinee
"On The Bridge at Midnight"

GRAND Matinees Wednesday & Saturday, 25c and 50c
Night Prices, 25, 35, 50, 75, \$1.00
Wm. A. Brady Presents **AL LEACH** and the
3-ROSEBUDS—3 In the Big Production
GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS
Next Sunday Mat.—Billy B. Van in the Errand Boy

STANDARD

THIS WEEK

Frank B. Carr's
Thoroughbred Burlesquers

NEXT WEEK

Broadway Gaiety Girls.

GAYETY 14th and Locust Sts.
MATINEES DAILY.

THIS WEEK,
Gay Morning Glories.

Next Week—THE BOWERY BURLESQUERS.

GERMAN THEATER—ODEON
Heinemann & Welb, Managers.

Next Sunday Night, Benefit of Director Heinemann.
RAIMUND'S

"Der Verschwenner"
(The Spendthrift)

With a Great Cast and Numerous Vocal Numbers.
Next Wednesday Night "DER COMPAGNON"
(The partner)

ODEON—Evening of Feb. 9
KUBELIK

Tickets \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00
On Sale at Bollman's, Jan. 29

Theatrical

Thomas E. Shea.

Thomas E. Shea, an actor of force and depth, who has been struggling for several years to compel a recognition of his talent by the powers that be in the theatrical world is appearing in repertoire at Havlin's this week. Were Mr. Shea to give the same performances with better support before an Olympic Century or Garrick audience he would be as thoroughly appreciated and enthusiastically received as was Mr. Mantell, whose struggle to gain recognition was along lines somewhat similar to Mr. Shea's.

Mr. Shea's audiences at Havlin's do not apparently appreciate such acting or such pieces as "The Bells," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and his other plays. They find comedy in the most tense dramatic situations and all but spoil such scenes by their audible expressions and loud laughter.

Mr. Shea's presentation of the title character in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" Monday night, while perhaps not so awe-inspiring as Mr. Richard Mansfield's, was sufficiently weird to excite frigidity in the blood of any normally constructed individual. Mr. Shea's acting in this piece embodies all the elements of the art. The great divergence in the two characters—the mild-mannered, honorable, learned and lovable *Dr. Jekyll* and the scheming, skulking, crafty, murderous monster, *Hyde*, could not be more excellently portrayed.

Of course, in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" the title character is really the only important one in the revelation of the story, but there are others the impersonation of which in this instance, would add greatly to the Shea triumph. Mr. Shea's support is not overburdened with talent, perhaps because the talent is elsewhere engaged. The others in the cast seem to lend no sincerity to the cause and merely speak their lines as a task, apparently. However, Mr. Shea is so forceful and magnetic in his work that such an important accessory as good support does not even effect his performances. Its too bad such a good actor could not be seen and heard under more auspicious circumstances.

Little Johnny Jones.

It's the same bully good light entertainment it was when presented here last season is this "Little Johnny Jones" show at the Olympic this week and it'll be a case of get your seats two days in advance from now till the close of the engagement. Nearly everyone who saw "Little Johnny Jones" on its first visit out this way remembers with keen delight the little, fat, funny man who played so naturally the role of the tipsy but up-to-date, witty, keen-thinking American in London—Tom Lewis. Mr. Lewis is still with the show and it isn't necessary to say that he is a mighty big flock of one, when it comes to entertaining. Mr. Lewis presents a type as well as a condition, which conspire to keen edged sallies and original remarks, but Mr. Lewis does it with that finesse which is the artist's—the close student's own. He is natural on the stage and that is the thing that hits.

Next to Mr. Lewis in point of talent and popularity comes pretty, accomplished, petite Stella Tracy, the little one who entertained the thousands of "bed-lidded" citizens at Delmar last summer. Miss Tracy is really a big hit despite her minuteness. She sings and dances even better than last season and plays three different parts, in one of which she crawls into the nobbiest kind of a toy suit of male duds in order to be a fictitious nobleman. Her French coquette turn is quite a gorgeous sight and her interpolation of the best of the songs, "Good-bye Flo" is simply a triumph.

Sunday night the audience begged hard for another song, but Miss Tracy didn't respond.

Bobby Barry is quite clever in the part Mr. George Cohan himself once took, but of course he is not the same *Johnny Jones*, the jockey, that Mr. Cohan put on. He is a tolerably good singer, and dancer that will do, but there's a vacuum about the part that he is supposed to fill.

Sam J. Ryan is a *Timothy McGee*, Tammanyite politician and horseowner, that is typical and laughable, and Mr. Ryan makes as much out of the role as is possible, singing and "stepping" with melody and grace.

Jack Raffael in the part of *Anthony Anstey* is admirable, likewise Charles Bachman as the Chinese Editor *Sing Song*, Adele Rafter as the fly newspaper correspondent and Helen Courtney in the rich widow with the reform "craze." William E. Meehan is a clever young man if he had greater opportunities and C. J. Harrington fills his small part with satisfaction.

The show is pretty as well as funny and musical and the chorus is large and by no means voiceless. As to scenic effects the sailing of the ship to America is highly successful stage realism. Other features are the ensemble pictures.

The revival of "The Heart of Maryland," at the Garrick this week, is done with the Belasco touch, which means that it is a revival in every sense of the word—in the mounting and in the acting. The cast is well-selected and well-balanced. And their presentation of this stirring war drama is quite superior artistically to any ever before given. Odette Tyler, Orrin Johnson, John E. Kellard, R. D. Maclean, Wallace Ed-dinger, and Inez Plummer were the principals whose work charmed a large audience Sunday night. Miss Plummer took the part Edna Wallace Hopper is wont to fill, Miss Hopper being ill. Miss Plummer appeared perfectly at ease in the part and made a good impression as *Nancy McNair*. The minor parts in the cast are quite as satisfactorily filled as the principal, and altogether a very smooth performance is given.

"The Woman in the Case," Clyde Fitch's one-act success, is in its proper element when shown as a melodrama. The piece is showing at the Imperial this week, and an excellent company is doing it quite as much justice as the original cast. Miss Margaret Bennett takes the part of the wife who descends to association with the brutal sordid companions of adventuresses and courtesans in order to free her husband of a trumped up murder charge. Miss Bennett leaves nothing to be desired in her part. Others in the cast whose work is intelligently done are: Thomas Coffin Cooke, Hope Latham, Grace St. Claire, Mary Clowes, Dorothy Crane, Albert Brown and William Coughlin. The piece is thoroughly entertaining to the Imperial patrons.

Director Heinemann's benefit, which takes place at the Odeon next Sunday night, is one of the annual gala events, and this year will be made more than ever so by the production, after a long lapse, of Raimund's "Der Verschwenner" (The Spendthrift), in which the beneficiary will be seen in his unctuous part of *Valentin*, the carpenter. Emil Schoenfeld will play the part of *Rosa*, the counter role to that of *Valentin*. The fairy drama will be given with a better cast than has ever been seen in St. Louis, and with charming vocal interpolations. This Raimund work is one of the strongest drawing attractions in German stage literature, and will fill

Sale of Dent's Sample Gloves

For Women and Men

The entire sample line of Dent, Alcroft & Co.'s celebrated Kid Gloves for women and men has been secured by us at a nominal price and will be placed for sale Thursday morning, February 1st.

For Women—
Up to \$2.00 Values 80c

For Men—
Up to \$2.50 Values \$1.10

Men's gloves for sale both in Broadway and Olive St. Stores.

Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney
OLIVE, BROADWAY, LOCUST.

This is the
powder that's
"Best for the teeth"



Mrs. A. F. Godefroy,

OF THE

Maryland Hairdressing Parlors,
312 North Euclid Avenue,

will be pleased to see her patrons, for all kinds of hair-work and hairdressing. Electric and hand massage, manicuring and shampooing.

Phone Forest 3157.

house for Mr. Heinemann. Next Wednesday night's attraction will be "The Companion" (The Partner), and three or four weeks from now "Fatima" will be ready for production. This will occur about March 4. "Die Fledermaus" (The Bat), will also be given before the season is over.

At the Grand this week "Girls Will Be Girls," is the vehicle of entertainment, and it is so funny and so good musically that crowded houses are the rule. Al Leech and his three rosebuds are the principal entertainers. Mr. Leech is genuinely funny and along lines that are more or less legitimate. His role is that of a schoolmaster, out of which, with his rosebuds, he manages to extract many a mirth provoking laugh and situation. Christine Cook, Maude Gray and Aileen Flaven are the "girls" in the production and they prove a most entertaining trio. All in all, "Girls Will Be Girls" is clever nonsense well handled and made to strongly appeal to the average theater-goer. The Grand patrons enjoy it immensely.

Andrew Mack has in "The Way to Kenmare" an Irish romantic play in which his vocal talent has full play and right here it may be said that Mr. Mack sings the show to success. The play itself has nothing much to commend it. It is neither new nor original in theme nor does it vary much from the hundreds of other Irish plays that have gone before. But Mr. Mack's witty sallies, his magnetic personality and his sweet voice suffice for many of the things dramatic that are wanting. Others who contribute much to the merriment and entertainment are Miss Mae Stevenson, Irene Gordon, Edwin Brandt, Thomas E. Jackson and Phillip Walsh. They're at the Century.

Carr's Thoroughbred Burlesquers are presenting a first-class variety show at the Standard. The travesties "The Union Man" and "A Run for Your Money," are presented by the company with mirth-provoking force. Other sketches and turns offered in the olio make the entertainment a most generous one. Willie Weston's imitations of well-known stage folk; May Orletta and Fred Taylor in "Looking for Miss Fortune," Niblo and Riley in "The Wooddealer and the Kid;" Henry and Nellie Francis in "The New Janitor;" Miss La Tosca, contortionist; Washburn and Flynn, comedians, and the Laurent trio of Europe, in a novelty turn, are among the chief entertainers.

The Morning Glory Company, at the Gayety, are presenting an old but clever burlesque, "The Devil's Daughter," in which electrical effects are used with most effective results. The piece has been rewritten and changed considerably as to its mounting. The specialty bill is replete with new stunts and some of the best people in the business present it.

Coming Attractions.

Those lovers of the drama who remember with delight the acting of Miss Constance Crawley with Ben Greet's players at the Odeon, and especially her work in "Everyman" cannot but rejoice that she will have three nights at the Garrick, beginning February 26th, in her "Idylls of Shakespeare." She will give the love episodes in "Romeo and Juliet," the Ophelia theme in "Hamlet," with musical accompaniment of themes denoting the action of the play. This is Wagnerian dramatics without music. Miss Crawley has the genius and magnetism and art to make the fragments live. Her

work will be something unique on this side of the Atlantic.

McIntyre and Heath, the famous brace of comedians in their great musical travesty, "The Ham Tree," come to the Century for a week's engagement opening next Sunday night. The newest of new things, in ditties and jests, are being offered by this show. The chorus is particularly attractive as to voice and looks, and it's numerically strong also.

The pretty and talented Edna May, in "The Catch of the Season," a new English play will be at the Olympic for a week, commencing Sunday night. The company in support of Miss May is an excellent one, consisting of nearly 100 persons. Comedians and singers there are almost without number. The piece is described as bright, vivacious, musical and otherwise entertaining. Miss May adds much to all its original characteristics, by her clever work.

Two Shaw plays, the sprightliest comedies this famous English playwright has produced, with Arnold Daly, the great comedian, and peculiarly expert interpreter of Shaw characters, will be the Garrick's offering next week. The pieces are, "You Never Can Tell," and "Candida," both of which have endured the test of protracted runs in New York. The local engagement opens next Sunday night. In the cast in support of Mr. Daly are such clever stage folk as Katherine Grey, Isabella Urquhart, Mary Hungerford, Edna Bruna, George Farren, Joseph Maddern, Dodson Mitchell, John Findlay and Fred Tyler.

Billv B. Van, in "The Errand Boy," will furnish the kind of mirth-provoking entertainment that is all his own, and very good at that, at the Grand next week. The engagement opens with a matinee Sunday. Everybody knows Billy Van and is familiar with his talent. Billy is an enterprising entertainer. He keeps moving forward, picking up new things as he moves along. He's got some for this visit.

"On the Bridge at Midnight" will be the Imperial's thrilling attraction next week. It opens with a Sunday matinee. The show is familiar to theatergoers, but there is that about it which makes it ever attractive. Scenically, as well as in plot, it is striking. The cast is the equal of any ever seen in the piece.

Coming to the Gayety next week, opening Sunday afternoon, are "The Bowery Burlesquers." Up-to-date songs, fresh comedy and sketches, novel specialties and a broad travesty or two give promise of great entertainment.

The Standard will present one of the best burlesque shows on the road next week. "The Broadway Gaiety Girls." The burlesque stage is vying with the so-called high class vaudeville shows this season. In the matter of new and good "business," the short sketches, the specialties, and the performances in general, are toned up to a high standard. The Standard attraction next week will have a force of comedians, singers, dancers and general entertainers.

Yiddish and German Dramas

Next Sunday, February 4, the Thalia Theater Company of New York, the foremost Yiddish dramatic organization in America, will give two performances at the Olympic, matinee and night, presenting "The Orphan" and "Die Wilde" in Yiddish and German, respectively. Jacob Gordin, the Yiddish star, will appear in "The Orphan" and Zalmer Libin in "Die Wilde." Delightful performances are promised. The acting, even though the language of the players may not be understood, will prove interesting. And the stage settings also.

A pure beer can't help tasting better than others, and is certainly more wholesome. A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottled beer is guaranteed to be absolutely pure, and free from all "doctoring." Order from the American Brewing Co.

Order Your Carriages From

Bell-Lindell 525

Keyes & Marshall Bros.
Livery Company,

MAIN OFFICE
1005 N. GRAND

Kinloch-Delmar 1786

Offices at Principal Hotels.

WE MAKE THEM.
WHAT?
UMBRELLAS,
PARASOLS and CANES.

IT'S FROM
FACTORY
TO YOU



TRADE MARK REGISTERED

A SAVING
WORTH TAKING.

519
LOCUST

HELLO

FOREST 2810

Chas. Good, Ladies' Tailor

4432-34 Olive Street

St. Louis, Mo.

BOOKS

All the late Cloth
and Paper Bound
Books can be
found at . . .

ROEDER'S BOOK STORE
616 LOCUST STREET.

John Burns

John Burns is enjoying all the notoriety inevitable to his position as England's first workingman cabinet minister, says a writer in the Chicago Chronicle. His career has been irreproachable, and except Keir Hardie and some others of his former labor associates, no one has uttered a word of anything except commendation of his high personal character and deserved success.

For years Mr. Burns has lived in a small workingman's house in Battersea, with his handsome wife and only son, on the allowance of \$750 a year made to him by the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. He has worked regularly at his county council and parliamentary business 12 hours a day, and he always rides into town on a bicycle. Although he has lived sparingly and often found it difficult to exist within his small and occasionally fluctuating income, he has never been financially beholden to anybody.

Furthermore, year after year, he has refused tempting offers of journalistic employment and lecture tours because he prized his absolute independence of all pecuniary interests above any monetary reward. Of course all his county council and parliamentary work is unpaid, and as he has contributed to the press only in furtherance of some public object he had at heart, he has never accepted payment for such work.

Now suddenly he has jumped to an income of \$10,000 a year, but his mode of life remains absolutely unchanged. He went to Buckingham palace to be sworn in as a member of the King's privy council and to kiss the royal hand on acceptance of the cabinet office of president of the local government board dressed in his invariable dark-blue serge reefer suit, black derby hat and glove-

less hands, carrying neither cane nor umbrella.

The King welcomed him with especial cordiality, and told him he hoped his objection to wearing court costume would never prevent him from obeying royal commands to court entertainments. That night the Premier, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, gave a cabinet dinner, and John Burns, who never possessed, or had any ambition to possess, an evening suit, sat down in his usual reefer.

He has always maintained that municipal life was the basis of a State's greatness, and under his guidance Battersea has become a model of municipal government, with the prettiest park in London for its recreations. As president of the local government board he has administrative and parliamentary supervision of municipal government throughout Great Britain.

He arrives at his office in Whitehall on foot or on a bicycle at nine o'clock in the morning, to the great consternation of officials who are accustomed to beginning work at 10:30. His energy is causing a panic in his department, for he is going systematically through each branch ascertaining its duties and methods of work, of which he has had some trying experiences from the outside.

Nell—"Well, their engagement is off—" Belle—"The idea! It was only announced yesterday. What did they quarrel about?" Nell—"As to which was the more unworthy of the other." —Philadelphia Ledger.

"FLOOR-SHINE"
ENAMEL FLOOR COLORS

Magazines

The February *Cosmopolitan* presents a symposium on the question, "Are Great Fortunes Great Dangers?" The contributors to the subject are: Charles W. Eliot, John Wanamaker, Edward Atkinson, E. Benjamin Andrews, Ernest Crosby, Henry Clews, David Starr Jordan, Washington Gladden, Jack London and Oliver Wendell Holmes, with comments by Frederick Upham Adams. "The Money Power and Our Next Great President," is a brief but timely article in which Ernest Crosby points the need of honest men of strong heart, both at the head of the nation and in the Ways and Means Committee rooms of the Senate and House. Interesting articles on the inventions and methods and peculiarities of Hudson Maxim, and on the success of the socialistic features of London's government are among the other leading contributions.

In *The Reader* for February Talcott Williams has a somewhat prophetic article on "The Municipal Revolution," in which he discusses the changed conditions of city government as the result of reform agitation. Mr. Talcott takes the view that it isn't only better government that is still needed, but better opportunities for the life, growth and development of every human being, and he predicts that if the directing class withholds these from the masses Socialism will grant them. Other articles and stories in this number of *The Reader* are from the pens of Gouverneur Morris, Albert Hale, Helen A. Saxon, S. E. Kiser, Anne Elizabeth O'Hare, Edith Baker Brown and Geo. Randolph Chester. The number is particularly notable for the variety of its contents.

The *National Magazine* for February, in addition to its regular department contributions, presents a variety of storyettes and poems, one of the latter, "The Ballade of the Midnight Lamps," by Ernest McGaffey, author of "Sonnet to a Wife." Ripley D. Saunders, a St. Louisan, is represented by a timely and entertaining story "The Tempting of Senator Galloway."

The element, quality, not quantity, marks the contents of February's *Outwest*. "In Pursuit of a Graveyard; Being an Account of an Archaeological Wedding Journey," by Theresa Russell, and "The Rocking Chair in South Pass," by Charlotte M. Hall, are the principal contributions, and they are both thoroughly interesting. Other articles concern the reclamation work that is going on in the West. The editor's contributions on books and other topics are meaty and readable.

The International Studio for February is, as usual, handsomely illustrated, a number of reproductions being in color and tints. The news of the art world and several instructive articles are among the contents. A. Cy Baldry has an article on "The Art of William Lee Hankey;" A. Mayger Hind writes of "The Etchings of Sir John Charles Robinson;" Ludwig Brosch of "The Paintings Ettore Tito;" A. S. Levetus "The Recent Exhibition of Miniatures in Vienna," and E. N. Scott on "The Ceramic Work of the Burslem Art School."

Tales, the magazine of the world's cleverest short stories, presents a larger spread for February than usual. "Out of the Past," the leading story, is a novelette, the work of Fedor von Zobelitz, a German writer of distinction. Other contributions of force are Henri Lavedan's "The Ruby," Roberto Gracco's "The Cost of Faithlessness," Anton

Chekhov's "The Ugly Duckling"; Antoine Fogazzaro's "The Silver Crucifix" and Isabelle Kaiser's "Under the Ruins."

Autobiography of a Belle

BY G. V. FITLOCK.

This is my fourth season out and there's nothing doing. To be more explicit, I'm still waiting to be chosen.

If a man worth having should, in a fit of intoxication, propose to me, I'd accept him, and phone the announcement of our engagement to the papers before he sobered up.

That's how eager I am to shoulder the grave responsibilities of my mother's daughter.

Mamma says it is my fault; that I am unskilled in the strategy of my sex. She says that when she came out there were no round-ups, such as our contemporary subscription dances, for the promotion of matrimony. In those days every girl in her set had to get out and hustle for herself and the mothers in her neighborhood never thought of herding young men into a corral. But then mamma was not in society. Her parents were poor, but vulgar, and she was not obliged to knuckle down to conventions. Papa came to her on a butcher wagon with the family meat. That was before he entered upon his career as a cattle dealer. He learned his business from the cleaver up, and now he is a Captain of the Cattle Industry, and ranks as one of our leading citizens.

Mamma is a brilliant woman, having deferred her education until after her marriage, when she had more leisure and a riper mind. She thinks I would appeal to young men more effectively if I had more accomplishments, and whenever she makes that argument I inquire as to the special accomplishment that won pa. Then she tells me how beautiful she was and as she is my mother I take her word for it.

Now the fact is, I have dragged every fashionable drawing-room in town, and I have found that the matrimonial waters are sparingly supplied with eligibles. I have received a great deal of attention from young men, and no reasonable offer would be refused, but I don't want to marry a chap who can't make money enough to take me to the theater and to a cafe on the same evening. There's nothing sordid about me. I'm not looking for a wealthy husband, for as I'm an only daughter I shall always have money enough, but I draw the line at men who consider matrimony the royal road to wealth, whose only ambition is to capture an heiress and whose only assets are a dress-suit, a shirt and a suite.

All the young bachelors who don't have to marry for wealth appear to be heavily burdened. Sometimes the bachelor's burden is his best friend's wife. Sometimes he has a bijou connection which makes matrimony seem superfluous.

I feel that the chief mission of woman is the moral amelioration of man, but what can a poor girl do when the only bachelors she can get close up to are hopelessly virtuous and incapable of acquiring a past?

If I were the only girl in the smart set doing my fourth season out with the signal of distress flying, the situation would be humiliating, but there are others.

It appears to me that my only recourse is to become a widow, but that achievement involves the alternative of marrying a worthless young man with the intention of going through the divorce mill, or becoming an old man's darling and waiting for him to die. The latter course would be preferable were not the end of old men a terrible uncertainty. And then comes the reflection

**Scamitt-
Comstock
Furniture Co.**
ST. LOUIS

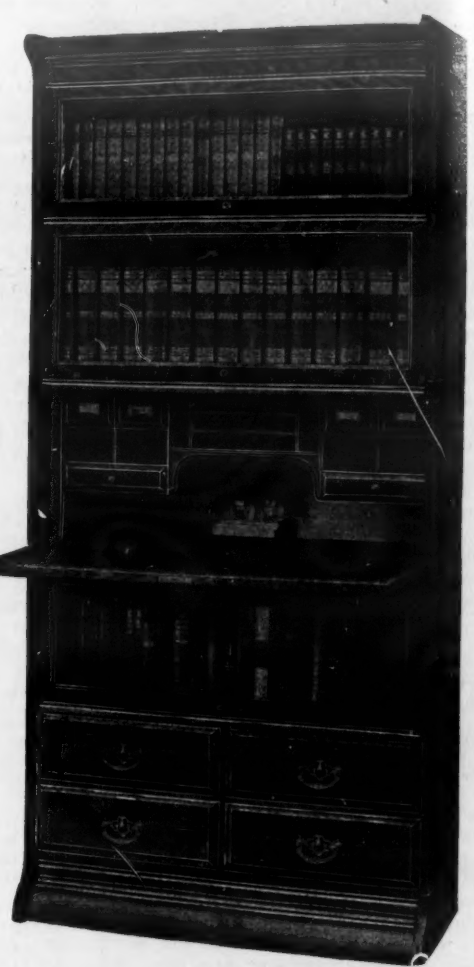
Sectional Book-cases and Filing Cabinets

Built like a Watch—a good case with perfect works. Handsome appearance with all the sectional earmarks eliminated. Cabinet work and finish best. Removable anti-friction doors; valuable books not soiled when cleaning the glass. No higher in price than the old styles.

Awarded Gold Medal, St. Louis.

DESKS

Tables, Chairs.
BROADWAY AND LOCUST.



tion that to be a successful young widow one must affect all the modesty of maidenhood without being permitted to feign the ignorance. But an old man's darling is not so bad when one reflects that never to be loved is not half so humiliating as to be loved no more. So why not yield to one so old that I can safely count on surviving his passion?

When my uncle first started in business as a general merchant in a country town it was in partnership with a young fellow of about his own age.

Both boys were very enthusiastic about their work, and after long days behind the counter they would go to their room above the store and continue to "talk shop" far into the night.

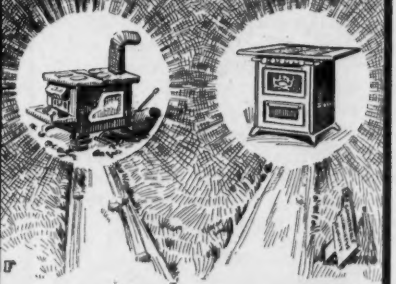
My uncle's partner was particularly engrossed in his work, and often his sleep was disturbed by dreams of customers and big sales.

One night his nightmare reached the climax. Evidently the dreamer was just in the act of selling some cotton goods, for my uncle felt his nightshirt go "r-i-i-p," straight up the back, while his partner was calmly saying,—"Two yards, Madam?"—*Lippincott's*.

Bishop McCabe relates the following story: "Once upon a time I was in a railway accident. It was one of the only two I have ever experienced, and I have traveled more than 750,000 miles on trains and steamers, three times as far as from here to the moon. A broken wheel threw the train off the track. The car I was in was shattered very much, and it was necessary to change cars. A noble-looking English lady with her husband was walking near me. She was scolding him well for starting on their journey on Friday. 'I told you, James,' she said, 'something would happen if we should start on Friday.' 'Madam,' said I, 'do you know that Columbus set sail to discover America

GAS FOR COOKING

TAKE THE RIGHT ROAD
TO COMFORT



ORDER A GAS RANGE

Let nothing hinder you to cook with gas. You can't equal it.
Gas Range \$15. Payable \$1 monthly.
Connected Free.

LACLEDE GAS CO., 716 Locust St.

PRIVATE SHORTHAND COLLEGE

All branches taught to make first-class stenographers. Day and night sessions. Individual attention. \$5 per month. Positions secured for graduates.

Mrs. Hart, 2440 N. Grand ave.

on Friday?" She looked at me with indignation, and said: "Sir, in my opinion it is a great pity that America was ever discovered at all."

Weary—"I tell you how to make money. Buy thermometers now and sell 'em next July." Beery—"What for?" Weary—"They're bound to go up."—*New York Mail*.

The... West End Hotel

Cor. Vandeventer Ave.
and West Belle Place.
OPPOSITE BEAUTIFUL
VANDEVENTER PLACE

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS
FAMILY HOTEL

EXCELLENT CUISINE

Meals a la Carte or Table d' Hotel

F. W. BEDARD
Manager.

FLORIDA IN WINTER

TAMPA BAY HOTEL

Tampa, Florida.

The Finest Resort property in
the World. Renovated and return-
ished at a cost of \$50,000. Now
open. For booklet and rates, address
DAVID LAUBER, Mgr.

Low Prices Now
on

FURS

Furs ready made. Furs made to
order. Furs remodeled, alter-
ed and repaired. Lowest
prices for first-class
work.

Seal, Mink, Ermine and
Chinchilla a Specialty

The
Western Fur Co.

Furriers and Ladies' Tailors.
1318 Olive st. St. Louis, Mo.
Bell Phone Main 4355.

The Bensonizer

Treatment is opposed to drugging the stomach,
because throat, bronchial or lung trouble, cannot
be cured in that way. Treatment must be ap-
plied direct to the affected parts. The Bensonizer
is doing wonderful work every day. Call at the
office and read the letters from persons who have
been cured. Seeing is believing. The Bensonizer
is strictly a home treatment for

Bronchitis, Catarrh,
Asthma and Consumption

Do not despair because other remedies have
failed. The Bensonizer has cured scores of chron-
ic cases—why not yours? All we ask is an investi-
gation. Call and receive free examination and
trial treatment, or write for our 64-page, illus-
trated book, free on request. You can be cured
in your own home.

THE BENSONIZER COMPANY,
514-16 Granite Bldg. ST. LOUIS, MO.

Letters From the People

PUBLIC ETIQUETTE.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 24, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Why don't the people of this city rise
in their places when the national an-
them is played? In every city I have
visited, at least since the Spanish war,
the people invariably stand up when
the band plays "America" or the "Star-
Spancled Banner." It is a pretty cus-
tom.

Our people are as patriotic as any
in the country. I was at the Cen-
tury Theater the other evening. The
orchestra played "America." Only
about a dozen persons in the audience
stood up, and their doing so seemed to
frighten the others; but finally the
whole crowd straggled and shuffled to
its feet, as if it didn't know exactly
why. We all know that the American
people cannot sing the national anthem,
but it is disgraceful that we don't rec-
ognize it when we hear it, or if we do,
have not enough reverence for it to
take off our hats to it, if we happen to
wear them when and where it is play-
ed. Can't the MIRROR do something
to remedy this state of things?

A LOVER OF THE FLAG.

THIS COVERS IT.

Lewiston, Ill., Jan. 25, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Can't you write an editorial on Poult-
ney Bigelow's "lese majeste?" Poultney
is, I fear, a kind of a cheap skate knock-
er—he "knocks" for a living apparently,
but what collective right has the Senate
to "keel-haul" him about his magazine
articles? Suppose some writer had made
a crack against John Hipple Mitchell, or
against the way land frauds were being
perpetrated! Haven't we laws for
slander and libel? A great deal of ir-
responsible bloviation will of course be
scattered broadcast, but isn't this a ser-
ious matter that a Senate, or any body
of men can do the Star Chamber act
with any citizen? It isn't the man, nor
his statements that are important, but the
principle is damned important. The
first thing we know there will be a prac-
tical lese majeste working in this coun-
try in favor of public bodies, presidents,
senators, etc. Do you recollect that
Maine poet who tells in stirring but
homely verse about the public-spirited
citizen who took things in his own hands
when another fellow had transgressed
in the matter of due respect. And how
he

Whacked and welked Simon Spear
Yes, warmed the wax within his ear
And browsed him like a Saxon;
For speaking disrespectfully
Of God, and Andrew Jackson.

For heaven's sake give us a nice vit-
riolic paragraph about this.

EARNEST.

SUSPENDERS AND STATESMEN.

January 28, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Speaker Cannon received a present
the other day from a South Carolina ad-
mirer. The gift was a pair of hand-knit
home-made galluses. The sender, who
transmitted the present through Repre-
sentative Aiken of South Carolina, ex-
pressed the thought that inasmuch as the
Speaker was wearing a suit of hand-spun
jeans it was proper that the trousers
thereof should be held up by a pair of
old fashioned galluses. The dispatch
informs us that the galluses are made
of white yarn, closely and carefully knit
in two separate pieces, with double but-
tonholes, for it is expected that they will
stretch. The Speaker is understood to
have declared that they were just like
the kind he used to wear years ago and
that he will use them for the purpose
for which they are intended. "They're

just the kind worn by the 'one gallus
brigade,' of which old Gov. Oglesby used
to tell, and to whom Champ Clark ap-
peals in his district in Missouri," said
the Speaker. The one gallus Democracy
is not confined in Missouri to Champ
Clark's district. Senator Stone is a
"one galluser," so is Dave Ball, so is
Jasper Burks and Col. Sam Byrnes.
Likewise Hon. R. Steele Ryors, when
off the bench, up in Osage county where
the people have named a town after
him. Col. Mose Wetmore never wears
two galluses, not even when in the halls
of dazzling light, he appears *de rigueur*.
Judge Archelaus M. Woodson, of St.
Joseph, is a one-gallus jurist and Col.
Sam Stanton of the sturdy Southeast
beats 'em all, for he wears a one-gallus
around his *embonpoint* as a belt. Col.
D. P. Dyer, formerly of Pike, but now of
the U. S. District Attorney's office, is
another of our notables who buys sus-
penders in the plural and rips them to
singular for his comfort. Thomas P.
Bashaw never had two shoulders burd-
ened with straps at one time in his life.
Capt. Henry King, managing editor of
the *Globe-Democrat*, wrote feelingly on
the subject of one galluses as the proper
form for quoit pitching in defense of
Governor Mickey of Nebraska and his
game. Hon. Richard Bartholdt is one
of the one-gallus cult. Same as to ex-
Gov. Lon V. Stephens. In fact, the true
type of Democrats in all districts of Mis-
souri is the one-gallus type. It is also
a dominant type of Republican. Senator
Warner goes in for it, in the country.
Col. Bill Phelps wears but one brace
when he does his plowing and so does
Gib. Barbee. Macenas E. Benton
doesn't wear galluses at all. Nor does
Ed. Butler. Nor does Albert O. Allen.
Neither does Jim Seibert. Speaker
Cannon should move to Missouri. He
would then be in the fashion. Does
Speaker Cannon wear boots made to
order like our Aleck Dockery and
Charles P. Johnson? Our only conspic-
uous two-gallused statesmen are Joe
Folk and David R. Francis. Rolla Wells
is a shirt-waist politician, as distinguish-
ed from a shirt-sleeved one. Harry
Hawes wears silk suspenders with dia-
mond horseshoes on the buckles. Clay
Heather, of Palmyra, wears jeans and
Pat Murphy wears homespun. Joe Can-
non isn't a bit ahead of an hundred
Missourians for primitive simplicity.

ARBITER ELEGANTIARUM.

THE PANEL GAME CARTOON.

July 28, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

For shame! I refer to last week's
panel game cartoon.

W. B. J.

[To W. B. J. and others: Why shame?
Haven't the dailies been full of panel
game stories about the police, pictures of
panel working women, romances of
panel worker's lives, anything and every-
thing about panel workers? Or is the
shame only in showing that the special
interests, the franchise grabbers, etc.,
"panel" the public and do so by "weed-
ing" their spoils to legislators? Let the
galled jades wince.—EDITOR MIRROR.]

GOOD-BYE TO THE BIG CINCH.

St. Louis, Jan. 27th, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

"Good-bye to the Big Cinch." This
will soon be the slogan of the St. Louis
proletarian, and all who are interested
in the inauguration of clean politics are
invited to join the ranks. No reward,
except the sweet satisfaction of having
done a good deed; that is all.

In all this reform business there is
one move that promises relief from the

Kuyler's
UNSURPASSED
CANDIES.
ALWAYS AN ACCEPTABLE GIFT.
LARGE VARIETY OF
FANCY BOXES, BASKETS &c
OUR ICE CREAM SODA
& OTHER FOUNTAIN DRINKS
CANNOT BE EQUALLED.
716 OLIVE STREET,
ST. LOUIS.
CANDIES DELIVERED ANYWHERE
BY MAIL OR EXPRESS.
TELEPHONE CONNECTIONS.

TELEPHONE, FOREST 4703

Ford

Negligees, Tea Gowns
AND
Luncheon Blouses

403 North Euclid St. Louis

DON'T SUFFER
With Your Feet

Instant Relief for all Troubles. Chilblains
Cured. No Pain. Antiseptic Treatment.

DR. A. M. MUCHMORE,
509 OLIVE T. Main 5395. WELLS BLDG

EYE DISEASES
Permanently Cured by My
Improved Painless Method.
Special attention given to
the correction of
MOUTH-BREATHING
In Children and
Straightening of
CROSS EYES.
EAR
NOSE
THROAT
Consultation Free
Hours 10 to 5
Sundays 10 to 12
For further information, call on or address
DR. M. M. RITTER
921 Star Bldg., 12th and Olive Sts.

Best PASSENGER Texas
SERVICE IN

4 Important Gateways 4

NO TROUBLE TO ANSWER QUESTIONS



True Southern Route to El Paso and
California

Dining Cars. Meals a la Carte.
Write for new book on Texas—free.

E. P. TURNER, General Pass'r Agt.,
DALLAS, TEXAS.

Octopus, one move that strikes at the very heart of Plutocracy, and by which the ideal of Lincoln, "a government of the people, for the people, and by the people," may be realized.

Under the present system of legislation in St. Louis, we elect forty-one men to the Municipal Assembly to make laws for the other 700,000, and if it is *quantity* we want in the law, they succeed pretty well, if it is *quality* we look for, there may possibly be a difference of opinion; but in all probability a majority verdict would be against the forty-one, which proves a defect in the present system.

The population of St. Louis is too large to justify reverting to the old system of making laws by town meetings, so that the representative form is our only alternative. And it is not our intention to abolish the representative method of law making, but merely to perfect it, or in other words, to reserve in the voters of St. Louis, the power to propose a good law when the Municipal Assembly refuses to act; or to veto a law made by the Municipal Assembly, when such law is repugnant to and against public sentiment. A fair proposition, is it not? Should not the voters of St. Louis who elect men to office, have the right to demand of those elected, that they *represent* them, and not *misrepresent* them? Should not the people of St. Louis constitute the Court of Last Resort, in rendering judgment on the acts of their servants? I think so. But, under the present method we have no recourse except to refuse to re-elect one who has turned out to be a misrepresentative. Nice thing, this post-mortem consolation—after the bamboozling has been done.

But the day of the "Political Bamboozler" is past; henceforth we will demand both the right to propose good laws, and the authority to veto bad ones. The first will be accomplished by what is known as the "Initiative," that is, should the Municipal Assembly refuse to pass a law that the people want, the latter, by a petition, signed by a specified number of voters, (say 10 per cent), may have the proposed law framed, and submitted to a popular vote, either at a general election, which may be pending, or at a special election called for that purpose. If it gets a majority of the votes cast, it becomes a law. If it does not, it remains as though never submitted. The second will be accomplished by what is known as the "Referendum." Should the Municipal Assembly pass a law repugnant to public interests, on a similar petition as above referred to, the law so passed may be submitted to popular vote, and if a majority of the votes cast are against it, it fails to become a law. In this manner we may retain all the advantages of the representative method of law making, without forfeiting the supreme authority of the people, thus throwing a safeguard around public interests. Merely taking back that supreme authority which has been blindly conferred upon delegates, because they have abused it.

A Utopian dream, say you? Well! not exactly. Utopian—perhaps; but dream—never. A practical method in successful operation in varying degrees the world over. Australia, Switzerland and other parts of Europe; Oregon, Delaware, North and South Dakota, Texas, and, in more or less limited form throughout the United States, even in St. Louis. For we are not to vote on the question of issuing bonds—partly for the purpose of building a free bridge, partly to turn Kings Highway into a boulevard, partly to extend our parks, so the poor can read the signs, "Get Off the Grass," and the remainder for other public improvements, excepting, of course, the amount that will be lost in the shuffle.

We need the Initiative and Referen-

dum in St. Louis, the power in the people to propose good laws, and the right to veto bad ones, including the right to give away franchises. For this purpose the Missouri Referendum League has been organized. To procure these rights, it will be necessary to amend our City Charter, and the League is using its influence to have such an amendment framed, have it passed by the Municipal Assembly, and submitted to the people along with the Bond Issue Bill. In so far as the measure received over 40,000 votes—a majority of 8,000—at the November election of 1904, notwithstanding the objectionable manner in which it was framed, there will be no difficulty in having it passed by a comfortable three-fifths vote, if submitted. The difficulty will be encountered in securing action by the Municipal Assembly, which will resist any encroachment on their law-making power. To insure success at this point, every voter in this city should enlist his influence in its behalf, and take up the slogan, "Good-bye to the Big Cinch."

E. J. GEITTMAN,
406 Granite Building.

New Books

One of the most difficult stories imaginable to read is "Her American Daughter," which is the work of Annie T. Colcock, who is announced as the author also of "Margaret Tudor." It is an exhausting, purposeless rigmarole and the wonder is that even a fairly good writer, such as the author appears, could labor on such an empty topic and leave any pleasant impressions at all for the reader. But she has. The book is not poorly written and it has just enough dash of Spanish color to act as a saving grace. But three hundred and fifty good useful pages of immaculate white paper have been appropriated to telling of a story which does not materialize until the last chapter is reached. At this aforesaid extremity appears the only semblance of plot or excuse for the book's existence, but it comes like melodramatic pardon for the doomed one, too late to be of service. The story—the book rather—concerns art, artists and artistic everythings and nothings, appertaining to the viewpoint of artists. It's about art principally and voraciously and deals with a pretty little unreconstructed Southern girl ambitious to be an artist, with her artistic companion, Peter, two artist friends, Mr. and Mrs. Stafford, with the Madrid art museum and other unidentified artists who frequent the place, and with a writer, Mr. Russell, who is an art lover or lover of the little Southern artist, with Mrs. Dering, art patron, a sweet natured Spanish widow, Dolores, and a bunch of other Spanish characters including some Spanish army officers. That's what the book deals with. To tell what it is about is impossible. You'll have to read it and come to the conclusion that it's bad but might have been worse. The Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington, publishers.

"One day a little boy came to school with very dirty hands and the teacher said to him:

"Jamie, I wish you would not come to school with your hands soiled that way. What would you say if I came to school with soiled hands?"

"I wouldn't say anything," was the prompt reply, "I'd be too polite." *New York World.*

One feature of the A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottle beer, Purity—by a process originated and patented by us, every bottle is sterilized before it is filled, and Pasteurized afterwards. Order from American Brewing Company.

Coupled with the marvelous growth of St. Louis, Kansas City and the Great Southwest, is the corresponding improvement and ever increasing popularity of the

BALTIMORE & OHIO SOUTHWESTERN RAILROAD

which, within the past few years, has, by excellent service and fast time, taken rank among the strictly first class railroads, and is now recognized as the best and most popular route from St. Louis to Cincinnati, Louisville, Columbus, Pittsburg, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York

The Royal Blue Limited

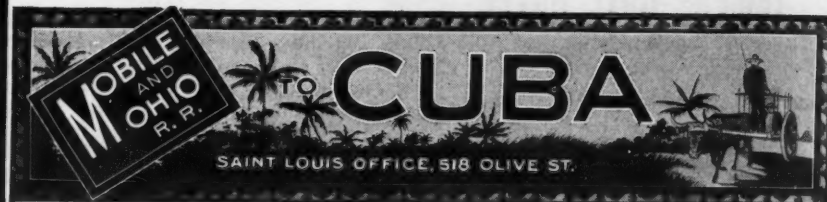
leaving St. Louis at 9:00 every morning crosses the Alleghany Mountains by daylight, not only enabling passengers to view much of the grandest and most picturesque scenery on the American Continent, but also to see many points of historical fame.

On all first-class tickets a stopover not to exceed ten days is permitted, without additional charge, at Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia, also at Mitchel for a visit to the famous springs at West Baden and French Lick, Ind.

Passengers ticketed via B. & O. S-W. to New York, are now landed at New West 23rd Street Terminal, the most convenient station in New York City, and located in the heart of the Shopping, Hotel and Theater District. For time tables, descriptive literature, sleeping car accommodations, etc., call on nearest Ticket Agent, or address

F. D. GILDERSLEEVE,
Ass't Gen'l Passenger Agent, Olive & Sixth Sts.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

TICKET OFFICE: Olive and Sixth and Union Station.



Every Friday The

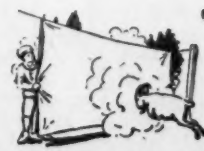
HAVANA LIMITED

A Pullman train of dining car, club car with smoking room, barber shop and bath room, with barber and valet in attendance; stateroom, drawing room and observation sleeping cars, will leave St. Louis at 9:45 p. m. and arrive at the steamship docks at Mobile at 3 p. m. the following day. On arrival of the Havana Limited at Mobile, the palatial nineteen knot, twin screw S. S. "Prince George" will sail and pass into the harbor of Havana at Sunrise the following Monday.

Returning, the S. S. "Prince George" will sail from Havana at 5 p. m. every Wednesday, arriving at Mobile shortly after daylight Fridays, and the Havana Limited will leave the steamship dock at Mobile at 9 a. m. and arrive at St. Louis the following morning.

The S. S. "Mobila" has been remodeled and now has excellent passenger accommodations. The S. S. "Mobila" sails from Mobile now at 10 a. m. on Tuesdays and her schedule will not be interfered with by the inauguration of the S. S. "Prince George." Call at 518 Olive street, or write

Jno. M. Beall, General Passenger Agent,
ST. LOUIS.



Before the "Dustless Method" Butted In.

Before We Entered The Field

House Cleaning was a burden, now it is a JOY AND A PLEASURE. Used all Over the world.

GENERAL COMPRESSED AIR HOUSE CLEANING CO.

Phones—Forest 1846-47.
Delmar 1819.

4436-39 Olive Street. Only System of its kind in the World



HAND-WORK

The difference between MacCarthy-Evans made-for-you attire and ready-made attire lies mostly in the making. All our clothing is strictly and entirely hand-work. This style is given to it and permanently made into it by countless thousands of needle thrusts. This is the kind of work that has built up the MacCarthy-Evans reputation. It's what makes MacCarthy-Evans reputation as permanent in every way as a shape of a MacCarthy-Evans suit. It's what makes a suit of this new gray Saxony Cheviot cut by us worth every penny of \$40.

MacCARTHY-EVANS
TAILORING COMPANY,
820 OLIVE STREET.

The P. O. is still fortunate in "being just opposite." Phones: Bell, Main 5175 and 5176; Kinloch, B 300.

Rent a Safe Deposit Box for \$5.00 a year.

Our Safe Deposit Vaults are as secure as human ingenuity and skill can make them, located on the ground (first) floor—no steps to climb nor sills over which to stumble.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST COMPANY
FOURTH & PINE

W. M. KRANKE
513 PINE ST.
ST. LOUIS.
LOAN OFFICE.

When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

The Stock Market

Heavy liquidation developed latterly in Wall street stocks. All the active issues, notably Reading, Union Pacific, Amalgamated Copper, Sugar, Steel and the Pennsylvania group of stocks, recorded extensive declines. Reading common was the leader in the downward movement. It is now about twenty-five points below its high record of two weeks ago. Union Pacific common showed some resiliency, its decline being mitigated by optimistic conjectures as to the forthcoming dividend.

A resolution adopted in the House of Representatives at Washington calling upon the President for information as to an unlawful combination in restraint of trade existing between the Pennsylvania and its affiliated lines was the ostensible excuse for the vicious attack on the entire list. The way Reading common succumbed to the onslaught of the bears was a most instructive object lesson. This stock had been hoisted to an amazingly high level. The manipulation was bold and notorious. Up to about two weeks ago, the shares displayed a firmness suggestive of unlimited support and confidence. Yet they suddenly gave way, and in a startling manner. It is to be surmised that a slack anthracite coal trade was the chief reason for the severe crash in Reading.

The Congressional resolution above referred to would not have had such a disastrous effect on prices if it had not come just at the moment when stocks were already on the ragged edge. Symptoms of a sharp reaction could be frequently noticed in the last three weeks. There had to be some explanation of the break, and the resolution was considered the most plausible. There's no special need to worry about a gallant Rooseveltian assault on the railroad systems. After a while, the resolution will be a mere innocuous reminiscence.

For the nonce, the market looks rickety and half-demoralized. Further declines are almost certain. The list is honeycombed with stop-orders. And the big bears are on the alert.

Prudent traders will keep out of the speculative maelstrom under these circumstances. They should not allow themselves to be hoodwinked by volatile talk about unprecedented activity in the iron and steel industry, prospects of larger dividends and unabated confidence in business circles in a continuation of prosperous times. They should bear in mind that the good things that are, or may be, have been pretty well discounted already. The number of stocks that may be considered entitled to further gains is very limited.

That the money market is still far from being as easy as some feather-head financiers would have us believe may be inferred from the fact that the City of New York contemplates issuing 4 per cent bonds. This is something worthy of careful pondering by people who continue obsessed with the notion that all our railroad and industrial shares should be selling on a 2 per cent investment basis. New York City has a good credit. Its credit is as good, at any rate, as that of the New York Central & H. River Ry. Co. Yet the latter's shares are quoted at about 151, at which they net only 3 1-3 per cent on the investment. This is only one of many striking comparisons that could be made in substantiation of the assertion that the stock list is preposterously high.

Foreign markets are again depressed. The financial position in Russia has resumed a menacing aspect. It is now feared that Russia is practically on a paper currency basis already. The Imperial Bank's position has been ominously weakened by the shipments of gold to Berlin to protect coupons falling due on Russian bonds. There are also apprehensions about complications

H. WOOD,
President.

RICH'D B. BULLOCK,
Vice-President.

W. E. BERGER,
Cashier.

JEFFERSON BANK,

CORNER FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

Missouri-Lincoln Trust Company

Saint Louis



Capital: \$3,000,000

Surplus: \$1,000,000

Financial accounts of Bankers, Firms, Corporations and Individuals solicited.

High grade Bonds bought and sold.

Olive and Seventh Streets

WHITAKER & COMPANY,

BOND AND STOCK BROKERS.

Investment Securities a Specialty

. Direct Private Wire to New York.

300 N. FOURTH STREET,

ST. LOUIS,

WE OWN AND OFFER SUBJECT TO SALE

\$50,000.00

Lincoln Real Estate & Building Co.
OF ST. LOUIS.

Consolidated Mortgage 5% Gold Bonds

Dated April 1st, 1905. Due April 1st, 1935.

Interest payable October 1st and April 1st, at the office of the trustee, the

MISSOURI-LINCOLN TRUST CO.,
ST. LOUIS.

Special Circular on Request.

G. H. Walker & Co. 307 North
4th Street.

Investment Securities

Members New York Stock Exchange
and
St. Louis Stock Exchange.

Direct Private Wires to practically
every city in the
United States.

in connection with the renewal of treasury bills maturing in February. All this caused another retrograde movement in Muscovite bonds. Other unfavorable factors are the Moroccan conference, the financial difficulties and economic reaction in Japan, and the disagreeable surprise produced in British capitalistic circles by the astonishing strength shown in the parliamentary elections by the Labor party. On top of all this comes a renewal of fears over a probable monetary stringency within the next three months. The Bank of England's reserve ratio continues unusually low, and its loans are enormous. As a matter of fact, the

great British institution's position is the weakest, for this time, in fourteen years.

The New York Associated Banks made another large addition to their loans last week. The total gain in loans, since January 1st, amounts to almost \$40,000,000. This does not seem to indicate a return to conservatism on the part of the banks. The surplus reserves, amounting to \$15,829,850, are the smallest, with the exception of 1890, for this date, since 1883. These figures furnish food for serious, sustained cogitation.

President Wetmore, of the North American, showed himself in high

feather in his lately published annual report. For the fiscal year ending December 31st, 1905, the company earned a surplus of \$2,812,232. The gain over the preceding year was \$832,488. The report states that the increased value of assets was derived, chiefly, from the acquirement of Union Electric Light & Power, Laclede Gas Light and United Railways shares, all of St. Louis. The stock holdings of the North American aggregate \$42,305,000. Mr. Wetmore winds up with the words that "there is no dissent from the prediction that it (St. Louis), will become a very great city." This sounds like a dying echo from the moribund million club.

The Tennessee Coal & Iron Co. is to be given another dose of hydraulic financing. The directors intend issuing \$7,000,000 additional common stock, making the total authorized \$30,000,000. This ought to increase Wall street's hilarity of disposition.

The Catering Fiasco.

The finances of the St. Louis Catering Co. are in bad shape. The statement for the past fiscal year makes this ominously plain to shareholders. The company reports a decrease in earnings of \$463,433.75 from the year 1904, and a decrease of over \$100,000 from the year 1903, omitting the receipts of the American-Cesar branch, which was closed from May 1 to September 1, 1905.

The report admits that the past year's revenues have been discouraging. The poor business is considered the result of the reaction after the World's Fair. The Sunday law is also regarded as having been of adverse influence. Promises are made that the expenses will be cut down materially in 1906.

The report is ambiguously worded. It reads like an annual report of the Sugar Trust, edited by Havemeyer. It should give more and explicit information. Its Delphic statements are apt to arouse suspicions of financial rottenness.

The company pays 7 per cent on its preferred stock. This dividend is not being earned. The figures submitted absolutely prohibit dividend payments on the preferred. A dividend of 2 per cent was paid on the common. What for? To facilitate inside liquidation? The concern is over-capitalized at \$1,200,000. The common stock is practically worthless. It has only a manipulative value. A total capitalization of \$300,000 would be none too small for the company. The earnings do not justify a larger capitalization.

What of the future? It looks dismal for shareholders. The value of the shares is metaphysical, and the earnings are extremely disappointing. Competition is springing up everywhere. A passing of the preferred dividend seems inevitable. The concern should disintegrate. It has no further *raison d'être* since the originators of the scheme worked their game. The company was floated with a blare of trumpets. And now it is floating to the rocks. The outsiders have been duped. The same old story.

Local Securities.

Values in the St. Louis market are lower all around. The Wall street reaction has had its expected unfavorable influence on Fourth street. Buyers display a very cautious attitude. They are more inclined than ever to look for reactions. The selling in the past week was again of a scattered character. The buying power was less evident, and this resulted in declines.

The street railway shares continue very dull. United Railways preferred is selling at 86, and the common at 42. The 4 per cent bonds are quoted at about 88½. A lot of \$5,000 Broadway ss sold at 101½. Alton, Granite & St. Louis common is firm at 70 bid, with

none offering. These shares will find eager buyers on all declines.

The bank shares are on the downgrade, it would seem. Commonwealth sold at 337 latterly, and St. Louis Union at 302. Missouri-Lincoln is very quiet, with small sales at about 139. Mechanics-American may be bought at 330. A lot of 10 American Central sold at 281. For Mercantile Trust 390 is bid, 395 asked.

National Candy common firmed up a bit, sales making at 9. The first preferred changed hands at 60½. About 40 shares of Hydraulic Press Brick found buyers at 105½.

The Doe Run Lead Co. has declared a stock dividend of 75 per cent on its old issue. The total outstanding capitalization will be \$3,937,500 from now on. The regular monthly dividend of ½ per cent was paid on both the old and new stock. A stock dividend of 50 per cent was declared in June, 1905. The shares are quoted at 134½ bid. They made a sharp gain in the last few days.

Drafts on New York are quoted at a smaller premium. Money is slightly easier, with the extremes 4¼ and 6 per cent. Sterling is firm at \$4.87½. Berlin is quoted at 95.20, and Paris at 5.15½.

Answers to Inquiries.

W. H. S.—Your inquiry answered elsewhere. Keep out of the stock, in spite of big dividends. Its extremely low price presages trouble.

Snilloc.—Frisco second looks cheap. Don't think you will lose anything by buying it outright. But there is a probability that it will look for a new bottom in case of a big break in Wall street, and then your nerve may give out. The stock sold at less than 40 about two years ago.

A pure beer can't help tasting better than others, and is certainly more wholesome. A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottled beer is guaranteed to be absolutely pure, and free from all "doctoring." Order from the American Brewing Co.

"A. B. C. Bohemian Bottled Beer, Pure, Pale and Sparkling. Bottled Exclusively at the Brewery in St. Louis."



Physicians Advise

convalescents and all who need Strength and Health to take the ideal Food Drink,

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK.

For it contains the great building and health producing properties the system demands. That's why the most successful doctors prescribe Malt-Nutrine in their practice—that's why their patients recover so quickly and so surely.

Malt-Nutrine is the perfect, predigested food in liquid form. Sold by all druggists and grocers.

PREPARED BY

Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n,

St. Louis, U. S. A.

No Liability

Last summer there was tried in Chicago, a breach of promise suit that awakened much interest in legal circles by reason of the ingenious means taken by counsel for the defendant to secure a verdict for his client.

Counsel for the plaintiff had begun to read what was alleged to be the proposal of marriage on the part of the defendant. This so-called proposal appeared on a telegraph blank. Turning to the jury, counsel began with "My darling Marie."

At this juncture counsel for the defendant interrupted his colleague at the bar. "May it please the court, this document, being partly printed and partly written, cannot, by the rules of evidence, be offered in part by plaintiff. Everything on the blank must be read."

Notwithstanding the protests of counsel for the plaintiff that the printed matter had no relevancy with the case—the fact being that the proposal was written on a telegraph blank by accident—the ruling of the court was that everything on the blank should be read. Accordingly the reluctant counsel for plaintiff was forced to read the following:

"There shall be no liability on account of this message unless the same shall be repeated, and then only on condition that the claim shall be made within thirty days in writing." Then after the signatures followed: "Yours devotedly, Harry," together with th's N. B.: "Read carefully the conditions at the top."

To the great delight of counsel for the defendant the jury returned a verdict in his favor within twenty minutes.

Lady—"What is the real difference between an apartment, a flat, and a tenement house?" Janitor—"In an apartment the ladies don't have no children; in a flat they has one or two. More than two makes any house a tenement, mum."—Judge.

Now, Both American and European.

The Hamilton

Rooms Single or En Suite with Bath.
Hamilton and Maple—Olive or Suburban Cars.

BARNES' Business College

911 LOCUST ST.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Opened Winter Term Tuesday, January 2. Our pupils receive personal instruction, and each one is advanced as rapidly as his efforts and ability will permit. We secure paying positions for our graduates. Write for beautiful catalogue, giving tuition rates and complete information.

KATHRINE EHLEN

Hair Dyeing, Bleaching, Cutting, Shampooing,
Dressing, Manicuring and Vibratory Massage.
Ladies and Children Only.

2804a FRANKLIN AVENUE.

A CUT

IN OUR \$5.00 LINE OF

MEN'S SHOES

YOU TAKE THEM NOW

\$3.95

Previous to our February Stock-taking we have reduced 12 lines of Men's \$5.00 Shoes to \$3.95, made up from fine enameled leather, French calf skin, box calf, patent leather and gun metal—all this season's make. Style—button and lace.

SWOPE'S

311 N. BROADWAY.

SUMMER TIME IN MID-WINTER

IS WHAT YOU FIND IN

MEXICO

THE TRUE TROPICAL SOUTH can be reached in haste with all the ease
and luxury of your own home on the

"MEXICO-ST. LOUIS SPECIAL"

The New International 59 Hour Flyer

VIA

Iron Mountain Route

I. & G. N. R. R.

National Lines of Mexico

The Laredo Route

Leaves St. Louis 9:00 a. m. each Tuesday and Friday—a Palace Train of
Pullmans including Observation and Dining Cars.

A WONDROUS TRIP THROUGH SCENIC GRANDEUR

And at less expense than any similar tour on the continent.

The One Night Line to Austin and San Antonio, Texas

Excursion Tickets sold daily with stopover privileges.

All information and reservations at

City Ticket Office Corner Sixth and Olive

...Or Write...

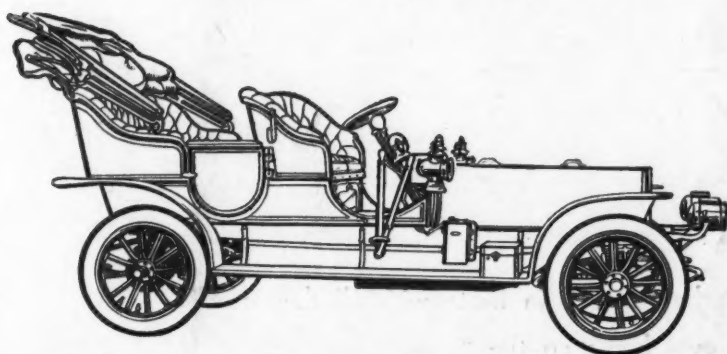
D. J. PRICE,
G. P. & T. A.

I. & G. N. R. R., Palestine, Texas.

GEO. D. HUNTER,
A. G. P. & T. A.

Franklin

THE HALSEYS WILL SHOW YOU



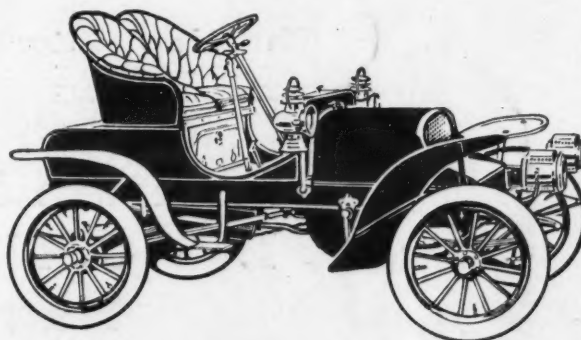
Type H. Six-cylinder Car. 1906 Model.

Six cylinders. Air-cooled. Shaft drive. 3-speed sliding-gear transmission. New and perfect disc clutch. Wheel base 114 inches. 30 "Franklin horse-power." 2400 pounds. 50 miles per hour. Full head- and tail-light equipment. \$4,000.

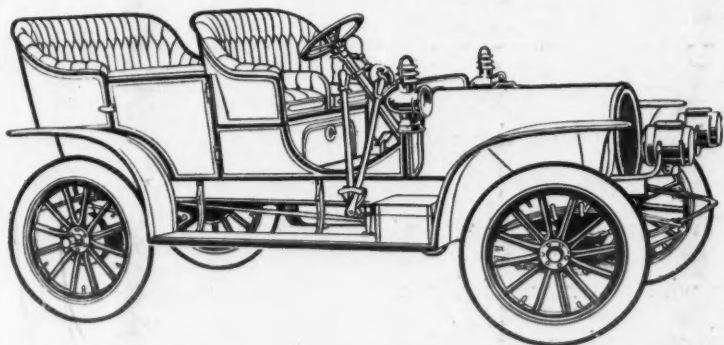
This car tops all rivals. It is the acme of efficiency and elegance,—just the article for the man who wants the speed of a bullet, the greatest degree of safety, large capacity and luxurious comfort—a touring car without a peer—the one that holds the lead on any road or grade. It possesses superior strength and remarkable lightness. It flies. It's as near perfection as an auto can be made. No idea of its beauty of finish is obtainable from the accompanying cut.

Type E. Four-cylinder Runabout. 1906 Model.

Two passengers only. No tonneau can be attached. 12 "Franklin horse-power," four-cylinder, air-cooled engine. 81½-inch wheel-base. Force-feed oiler on the dash. 1100 pounds. Combination ironing for canopy, cape or victoria top and glass front. 40 miles an hour. Full head- and tail-light equipment. \$1400.



This is an improved car of the runabout order, but, in reality, in a class of itself. It combines great strength, extreme mechanical refinement and grace, simplicity, richness of finish and best of all, economy of operation. The "Type E" of the earlier make produced wonderful results in speed, endurance and hill climbing contests, cross-desert and cross-continent runs. It carries two persons, and is serviceable winter and summer, there being an adjustable top. It is the best and most economical car for every day usage.



Type G. Four-cylinder Light Touring Car. 1906 Model.

Shaft drive. Sliding gear transmission. Three speeds and reverse. New and perfect disc clutch. Four cylinders. Air-cooled. Side doors. 4 passengers. 88-inch wheel base. 1400 pounds. 12 "Franklin horse-power." 35 miles per hour. With proper running it will make 28 miles per gallon of fuel under full load. \$1800.

Full head- and tail-light equipment.

This is a new 1906 car, an ideal one under any and all conditions, carries five persons, though designed for less, and maintains a speed, when loaded, of 35 miles an hour without hitch or hindrance. It's suitable to any purpose,—just the thing in the small touring car line, and excellent for use in crowded city streets, because of its sensitive control, which makes stops or turns in a flash. Serviceable the year round, and may be topped for winter protection. Does more than it costs, and never wears out if given ordinary care.

HALSEY AUTOMOBILE CO.,

3908-18 Olive Street.